

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 460—VOL. IV.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

## TROUBLES AHEAD.

We enter upon the year 1864 under very threatening auspices. Political agitation, if not actual war, prevails everywhere on the Continent of Europe. Under ordinary circumstances, the gigantic struggle in America would be enough in itself to disturb the world's equanimity, and to satiate the martial propensities of men, if not to gratify their love of the "pomp and pride" which are supposed to accompany military operations; but, in addition to the sanguinary contest in which the two sections of the late transatlantic Republic are engaged, we are likely to have several isolated outbreaks in Europe, if, indeed, we should escape a general conflagration. Germany and Denmark may be said to be actually at loggerheads; Italy and Hungary are heaving with the first indications of an uprising against Austria; the insurrection in Poland still goes on, notwithstanding all the efforts of Russia, in the field and on the scaffold, by imprisonment and by exile, to suppress it; on the Danube there are indications of a movement—vague, indeed, but ominous of coming events; and the manufacturers of firearms and warlike material were never so busy, and have not been doing so "roaring" a trade for many years as they are now. All this casts a deep gloom over the minds of thinking men, and shows that whatever progress may have been made of late in material welfare, human passions are still as active as ever they were, human folly as rampant, and man as much a "fighting animal" as in those bygone times which we are in the habit of deeming barbarous, and of describing as the "dark ages." A brief glance at the state of affairs in each of the countries referred to may not be inappropriate or unprofitable at the commencement of a new year.

The old chronic quarrel between Denmark and Germany

about Schleswig-Holstein has at last arrived at an acute stage—the smouldering volcano has burst into action. German troops occupy Holstein, and the Danes have retired into Schleswig. There, however, they seem disposed to make a stand, and the King has just issued an appeal to his army, recalling

her neighbour in the struggle. On the other hand, the Germans have fairly gone mad about this new crusade; the Princes are urged on by the peoples; the frontier of Schleswig will probably soon be passed, if not by the regular troops, at least by bands of volunteers; and a collision seems inevitable. It is understood that, in retiring from Holstein, the King of Denmark has acted in accordance with the recommendations of England and Russia; but that he is not inclined to yield further, and allow the Germans to assert in action their apocryphal claim to jurisdiction over Schleswig, as Prussia and Austria propose to do, till the common Constitution for the Danish monarchy is withdrawn as regards the northern duchy. Should the Germans advance and the Danes resist, a collision must occur; and, blood once drawn, where or when is bloodshed likely to cease? Negotiations and conferences seldom succeed in preventing a war, and the present is little likely to be an exception to the rule. England, it seems, has proposed a congress to settle the Dano-Germanic difficulty; but the proposition is little relished by either side; and, failing our efforts to preserve peace, what is to be our course in the event of war? We are parties to treaty obligations securing Schleswig-Holstein to the Danish Crown under certain conditions. These conditions, it is alleged, Denmark has failed to fulfil, and the treaty has therefore, the Germans argue, lapsed and become void. But can we take this view of the matter, and connive at a crusade against the integrity of the Danish monarchy upon the allegations of its enemies? And

the memories of a former struggle and urging resistance to the uttermost against further aggression. Martial preparations are going on all over Denmark; popular feeling is highly excited; war is so popular that it is believed the King could hardly avoid it if he wished, while Sweden is anxious to join



"THE MORNING HOUR."—(FROM THE PICTURE BY MEYERHEIM.)

if England is not disposed to connive, is she prepared to draw the sword in opposition to the pretensions of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg?—for the "execution" seems practically to have the support of these pretensions for its object. These questions, of course, apply equally to France and Russia

as to Great Britain; and, should these three Powers interpose by arms in the dispute, who shall set limits to the extent of the war, or define the terms upon which it shall be closed? Two at least of these Powers, when they go to war, do so for pretty substantial "ideas," whatever professions they may make at the outset; and, though unity of purpose may distinguish the initial action of all three, diversity of interest will pretty certainly arise before long. Russia is not over well disposed towards Austria; France has not forgotten that the Rhine once formed her frontier towards Germany; and, ere a war begun about Schleswig-Holstein is closed, each may seek to "rectify" its position towards Prussia and the Kaiser, both of whom must needs stand in the front rank on the side of Germany.

The pacific professions of the French Emperor and his Chambers may be quite sincere. France may not, at present, be desirous of war, and may be bent only on the development of her internal prosperity; but when the "trump of war sounds in her ears" is the most martial country in the world likely to be long quiescent? The Franco-British alliance, if it was ever worth anything, is worth much now. Energetic and united action on the part of these two great Powers might have much influence in restraining the headlong enthusiasm of Germany. But to be effective, their action must be both energetic and united. And are we likely to secure the active co-operation of France at the present juncture? We doubt it. The Emperor seems willing to stand by, blandly smiling and talking peace, when he knows there can be no peace; but when the opportune moment comes, and German folly has prepared the way for him, he may step in and become the "master of the situation," and enforce peace on the exhausted combatants as best suits himself. This, perhaps, is not the Emperor's policy; but it is possible that it may be, and we are bound to take it into account in estimating the probable course of events.

England has nothing to gain, but much to lose, by a European war; and the sincerity of her desire to avert such a calamity can scarcely be questioned. But will she be able to avert it? and, if not, can she avoid being involved as an active participant? We doubt not that our Government is using its best endeavours to preserve peace, and we are willing to believe that those endeavours are judiciously and wisely directed; but the angry passions of men pay little heed to the voice of the diplomat, charm he never so wisely;—so we shall probably fail. In fact, German orators already calculate on the disinclination of our statesmen to go to war—a disinclination which some of them have of late been, perhaps, too forward in proclaiming.\* It would, we are persuaded, be better to observe a greater degree of reticence as to our ultimate intentions, and then our advice and remonstrance might receive a larger measure of attention. The merits of the original question between Germany and Denmark are too complicated, and have been overlaid with too much extraneous matter, to be easily understood or arranged while passion and excitement prevail. But our course is clear: we are bound by our treaty obligations, and have nothing to do with the pretensions of this or that would-be dukeling. The German Princes declare that the constitutional rights of Schleswig and Holstein have been violated by Denmark. That may be so; but it is at least curious and amusing to find German Princes championing Constitutionalism; and it certainly is melancholy to find the German people going mad in support of dynastic pretensions. Both might profitably look at home, and put their own houses in order before meddling with the affairs of their neighbours.

But the elements of trouble are not confined to the north of Europe. In Italy and Hungary there is evidently an intention on the part of the leading spirits of both countries to take advantage of the times to make an effort in favour of their pet theories of nationality. Unlucky Austria is menaced on three sides at once. Venetia, Hungary, and Galicia are all ripe, apparently, for revolt. The proclamations of Garibaldi and Kossuth, which we print in another column, indicate that the party of action are preparing for a movement, and a simultaneous one. Both documents were issued at the same time; and, although Kossuth dates from Pesth, his appeal was first published at Milan—a not insignificant fact, as bearing upon the question of co-operation between the leaders of the patriotic party in Austria's two subject provinces. The Poles are yet unsubdued, notwithstanding fighting, butchery, and exile; and a movement in Hungary and Venetia would be a valuable diversion in their favour, as they might then have the aid of their compatriots in Galicia and Posen, and be encouraged to struggle on for their cherished, but, we fear, impracticable, dream of a restored nationality as it existed before the first partition. They may also hope for some advantage in the general rearrangement of Europe that must follow a general war, should such a calamity occur. The attention of Russia and Austria, and, indeed, of all the Continental Powers, must necessarily be distracted by the disturbed state of the countries bordering the Danube, where the Porte is likely to be again involved in trouble with the races there which owe him a sort of semi-allegiance. The difficulties of the oppressor are the opportunities of the oppressed, and the various subject races of Europe may well see chances opening up for them in the storm which seems likely to sweep over Europe in the course of the present year.

In addition to all this there is the war in America, seemingly as far from an end as ever, and likely to be more sanguinary even than heretofore; there is the still but half-settled difficulty in Mexico; and there are troubles in China, Japan, New Zealand, and elsewhere. Truly, the opening of

the year offers prospects much more calculated to inspire feelings of gloom and despondency than to encourage hope or confidence.

#### THE MORNING HOUR.

VERY few people can look at Mr. Meyerheim's picture without a very sensible appreciation of their own shortcomings in the matter of peaceful sleep since the time when they were taught that "early to bed and early to rise" would secure results which are seldom altogether realised in our personal experience.

The suggestion of that sweet, untroubled sleep of childhood which leads to such a bright waking is included in the subject of the painting; and the morning hour brings the assurance of a protecting arm, and dawns upon the maternal eyes, which have been watching the little sleeper to catch the first loving glance of his eyes. The bath and the after dressing—that worst trial of an infant's daily life—are yet to come; but mother and child are for the moment absorbed in that mysterious conversation which only mothers and babies seem to understand. We have so often dwelt upon the claims to popularity of pictures which deal with the household affections and tell domestic stories that we need not thus account for the success of "The Morning Hour."

The picture is remarkable for an underlying beauty of expression, which has in it a strange power of suggesting familiar pleasure and quiet, heartfelt happiness. In this it exhibits one of the rarest qualities of art—the power of indicating a whole story without the aid of elaborate details.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

THE approaching debate in the Corps Législatif on the address (which we print elsewhere) is looked forward to with much interest in Paris. As yet the Opposition have given no indication of what course they intend to take. The only amendment yet announced proceeds from the Government ranks, twelve members of which have given notice of an amendment protesting against any armed interference on the part of France in favour of the Poles, but advising that her whole moral influence should be brought to bear in their favour, and that the Polish insurgents should be recognized as belligerents.

The report of the committee upon the supplementary credits requested by the Government has been published. It concludes as follows:—

Our mission is to warn the Executive power with affectionate respect, and to hold it back upon the brink of dangerous entanglements. The best devotion is that which knows how to speak salutary truths in time of need. We are unanimous in advising that an end should be put to the Mexican expedition—far be it from us to say at any price, but as promptly as possible. The expression of this wish certainly responds to the general sentiment of the country, and we think the Government of the Emperor will receive it with favour.

The committee unanimously propose the adoption of the bill.

##### PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened on Saturday last at Lisbon by the King, who, in his speech, had the gratification of announcing that the Budget was satisfactory and that there was no deficit. His Majesty also announced that the tobacco monopoly is to be abolished after April next. Famine is prevailing in St. Vincent, owing to the complete absence of rain during the long period of fifteen months.

##### ITALY.

At the reception held by his Majesty on New-Year's Day the King advised the deputation from the Senate to deliberate upon the bills regulating the taxation. The people were prepared for the sacrifices required by the condition of the country. His Majesty expressed his regret to the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies that the year 1863 had not afforded a favourable opportunity to accomplish the redemption of Italy. The King considered that 1864 would bring about European complications not well defined, which might offer the wished-for opportunity. The country might reckon upon the King, as the King reckoned upon the country.

A complete denial has been given to a statement recently furnished to a German newspaper by its Turin correspondent. The statement was to the effect that the Italian Minister of War had forwarded a circular to the military commanders explaining the arrangements made for war against Austria in the coming spring.

##### AUSTRIA.

As it is known to the Imperial authorities that mischief is brewing in Venetia, it is probable that the furlough-men belonging to the Austro-Italian army will soon be called in. Great distress prevails in Venetia, as very few foreigners visit the country and the vintage has been a bad one. The produce of silk has been also small, as the greater part of the worms died while changing their skins.

The independent organs of the Vienna press are ill-satisfied with the doings of the Government during the past year, and some of them accuse the elect of the people of having done nothing more, during a Session of six months, than vote the necessary supplies. *The Presse*, the leading paper, thus describes the state of affairs in Austria at the beginning of the year 1864:—

In our immediate neighbourhood a violent struggle has long been going on between the Russian Government and its Polish subjects. In consequence of that struggle, Galicia is in a state which borders on revolution. The attitude of Italy necessitates the maintenance of a large army in Venetia. In Hungary, which has long been subjected to martial law, very great distress prevails. For many reasons the inhabitants of the German provinces of Austria are discontented. They are dissatisfied with the slow development of the Constitution, with the failure of the attempts to bring about the requisite reforms, with the deficit (which continues in spite of the increase in the revenue), and with the great fluctuations in the currency. In Bohemia, Moravia, and even in Carniola, the nationalities are in conflict, and there is very little prospect of an improvement in their relations.

##### PRUSSIA.

An address from the Lower Chamber on the Holstein question having been sent to the King, his Majesty has returned a reply, in which he urges the granting of the necessary supplies for carrying out the execution, and claims the exclusive right to direct the foreign policy of the country. The King says:—

The Chamber of Deputies may feel assured that the course in foreign policy taken by my Government is the result of resolutions which I have maturely weighed. I have adopted these resolutions while mindful of the treaties concluded by Prussia, as well as of the general situation of Europe and our position therein, but at the same time with the resolve to guard German rights in the duchies, and, in case of necessity, to uphold by force of arms the just objects which Prussia is bound to gain. The decision appertaining to me by the Constitution as to the form and to what extent every single means leading to this end is to be brought into application can only be arrived at by myself. I shall be guided therein by the undeviating resolution to conduct the matter of the duchies in a manner worthy of the honour of Prussia and Germany, while at the same time preserving that respect for treaties required by the right of nations. The Chamber of Deputies cannot expect from me that I shall arbitrarily and without regard for the international relations of Prussia withdraw from the European treaties concluded in 1852. The succession question will be examined by the German Confederation with my co-operation, and I cannot anticipate the results of this examination. Before this is established, steps should be taken to furnish the means for the execution measures determined upon by the German Confederation, and for the possible necessary arrangements for defence which may follow in its train.

Herr von Bismarck has intimated to the Chamber of Deputies that if they do not grant the Government the means demanded, the Government will obtain the money on its own authority.

##### THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

According to intelligence received from Bucharest, warlike preparations continue to be made in the Danubian Principalities. Parcels of arms are constantly being received from France and Belgium. These preparations are believed to have some connection with the Italian armaments.

##### GREECE.

A telegram from St. Petersburg, received at the Hague, asserts that the young King of the Greeks has abandoned Athens and his new crown, convinced of his incapacity to regulate the confusion of the country. This story is little likely to be true. The King has received a deputation from the Ionian Islands requesting him not to accept the union of the islands with Greece under the conditions now stipulated.

##### MEXICO.

News from the city of Mexico to Nov. 24 reports the campaign reopened by the French with great successes to the Imperial arms. Quaranto was occupied on the 15th by Franco-Mexican forces under General Mejia, who, together with the French General Douai, was to advance immediately upon San Luis de Potosi. Morelia, in the State of Mechoacan, had been abandoned to the French. General Bazaine was marching upon Guanajuato. Guadalajara was besieged by the Mexican allies. The Mexican General Gidairau had declared himself in favour of the Empire. The death of General Comonfort is announced.

##### NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT THE TUILERIES.

The official reception on the occasion of the New Year took place on Friday week, at the Tuileries, with the accustomed ceremonial.

At half-past eleven the Emperor and Empress received the high officers of the Crown, the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guard, the Grand Mistress of her Majesty's Household, the ladies of honour to the Empress, the officers and ladies of the households of their Majesties, of the Prince Imperial, and of the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family; then the Cardinals, and Ministers and members of the Privy Council, Marshals of France, Admirals, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and the Governor of the Invalides. At twelve their Majesties, accompanied by the whole Court, attended Divine service in the chapel of the Palace, afterwards retiring to their apartments. At one o'clock the Emperor received in the Throne-room the Diplomatic Body, a deputation of the Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honour, the Senate, the Legislative Body, the Council of State, a deputation of the Grand officers of the Legion of Honour, the Council of the Order, and the civil and military authorities usually received at the New Year. His Majesty had near him Prince Napoleon, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and the Princes Lucien and Joachim Murat, the Ministers, and the usual high dignitaries. The Senators, members of the Council of State, Deputies, Judges, and civil functionaries were all in official costume, and the naval and military officers in full-dress uniform.

The Diplomatic Body, as usual, offered their congratulations to his Majesty on the occasion of the New Year, the Papal Nuncio acting as spokesman, and using the following language:—

Sire.—The members of the Diplomatic Body assembled round your Majesty are anxious to express, on the occasion of the New Year, the wishes which they form for the happiness of your Majesty and your august family, and for the prosperity of France. As the interpreter of the sentiments of the Diplomatic Body on this solemn occasion, I am happy, Sire, to present to you its most respectful homage.

The Emperor replied in these words:—

I thank you for the wishes you express to me in the name of the Diplomatic Body. They are a happy presage for the opening year. Notwithstanding the uneasiness caused by questions in suspense, I feel confident that the spirit of conciliation which animates the Sovereigns will remove difficulties and maintain peace.

His Majesty also spoke separately in kindly terms to the various heads of legation, and addressing, in English, the Hon. Mr. Dayton, Minister of the United States, expressed the hope that 1864 would be for America a year of conciliation and peace.

##### ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF TO THE EMPEROR.

THE draught of the address of the Corps Législatif, in reply to the speech from the Throne, was read to the members on Monday.

The address states that the population are profoundly attached to Imperial institutions, and applauds the resolution of the Emperor to anticipate public opinion in the path of industrial and commercial liberty. It expresses a wish that the public works should not be diminished and that interior reforms should be developed.

The address then says:—

The Corps Législatif believes, with the Emperor, that the most wisely governed nations cannot always escape foreign complications, and that they should regard them without illusion as without weakness. The distant expeditions to China, Cochin-China, and Mexico have greatly disturbed the public mind in France on account of the obligations and sacrifices they entail. We acknowledge that these expeditions must inspire respect for our countrymen and for the French flag, and that they may also develop our maritime commerce; but we should be happy to see realised shortly the good results for which your Majesty has led us to hope.

On the Polish question the address says:—

The recollections of our history and the feelings of humanity which animate us excite the most earnest sympathies for Poland, and we have seen with grief the failure of the combined efforts of three great Powers. Neither can we, however, disregard that the sincere and cordial support of Russia has been useful to France on important occasions.

We should regret any coldness in our friendly relations with that Power, and have, therefore, accepted with profound satisfaction the idea of a European congress which will be a lasting honour to your reign. France, on whom you have bestowed splendour and glory, is grateful to you for not having committed her treasures and the blood of her children in causes in which her honour and interests are not at stake.

Leave without regret, Sire, the few unjust prejudices against accepting your loyal and pacific propositions. Noble and sound ideas make way in the world, and take root in the heart of the peoples. Await calmly the effect of your generous words.

France, homogeneous, compact, strong, and confident in you, fears no aggression; and now has no other ambition than to assure her repose and develop her material welfare by labour and peace, and her moral welfare by the sincere and gradual practice of civil and political liberties.

##### SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

THE Saxon troops forming the advanced guard of the army of the Germanic Confederation, which is engaged in the execution on Holstein, are gradually overrunning that duchy. On the 31st ult. they entered Kiel, the hotbed of the revolutionary ideas which, emanating from the professors and students of the University of that town, have led to the proclamation of the Duke of Augustenburg in the more southern cities of the duchy immediately after their evacuation by the troops of King Christian. The Danes have decided on yielding to the demands of England expressed by Lord Wodehouse, and on evacuating every inch of Holstein ground. The *tête de pont* of Frederickstadt and the fortifications of Rendsburg, which, on an island in the Elder, might have been almost claimed as in the territory of Schleswig, have been, therefore, abandoned, except the Crown fort. The Danish military authorities express a deep and mortifying regret at having to sacrifice those bulwarks of their defensive system, not to an army attacking them in the field, which they say they would have willingly encountered, but to the pressure of diplomats in the Cabinet. Doubtless the English Ministry, in its extreme desire to preserve the peace of Europe, has wished the Government of Copenhagen to remove any probability of an encounter with the troops of the Bund. Denmark, it is here said, has complied to the letter with the wishes expressed by Lord Wodehouse, and England is considered bound, if not *de facto* certainly in honour, to guarantee the duchy of Schleswig from invasion and to uphold the integrity of the Danish monarchy.

The outposts of the German troops are fringing the southern bank of the Eider and dotted along the northern frontier of Holstein. The Danes are concentrating in heavy masses along their previously-selected line of defence between Schleswig and Frederickstadt. This line is of great length: it extends along a chain of heights which are studded with earthworks and flanked by inundations. Should the commissioners of the Confederation determine to push their troops into Schleswig, they must be prepared not only to force this formidable position, where full 50,000 bayonets bristle, eager to meet an assault, but also to stand before Europe responsible for hastily rushing into war the end of which no man can pretend to foretell.

Arrangements seem to be making in Germany for an occupation of the Duchy of Schleswig. The *Kreuz Zeitung* says that a division has received orders to concentrate immediately at Freigut; the *Gazette des Postes* of Frankfort says that the authorities of the Grand Duchy of Weimar have received notice that 30,000 Austrians will pass through it next week on their way to the north; and a third paper speaks of the intention of the German Powers to form a camp in Franconia, in order to have close at hand troops which it would be necessary to send to the scene of hostilities. According, however, to a letter from Berlin, one more step is to be taken at Copenhagen before proceeding to the occupation of Schleswig. An ultimatum is to be sent to the Danish Government, which will declare that King Christian cannot be recognised unless he establishes in the duchies the state of things which existed before 1846—that is to say, on the condition that the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein are only joined to the Danish crown by a personal union.

The Federal Diet of Germany has taken a step which clearly indicates its sympathies in regard to the Schleswig-Holstein succession. Last Saturday the Austrian Minister proposed that the Duke of Augustenburg should be summoned to leave the duchies, and the motion was rejected by nine votes against seven. The Duke is indeed deporting himself already as if he were the recognized and installed Sovereign of the duchies. He has issued a proclamation, signed by him as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, in which he calls upon his "faithful subjects" to respect the federal execution and avoid any quarrel with the federal troops, while at the same time urging that the Federal Diet should now acknowledge his rule as established and withdraw its commissioners. He has received congratulatory deputations from various places and delivered replies full of confidence.

The King of Denmark, accompanied by the Crown Prince, has joined the troops at Schleswig, and issued an address to the Danish army, in which he says:—

The New Year finds you in arms for the defence of our fatherland, and your King is therefore among you. I have entered upon the full inheritance of my predecessor in love to our native land. Our motto is the honour of our country, and it shall be upheld with peace, or, if requisite, by force of arms. No life is too costly for the salvation of the fatherland. From the former struggle the army has retained experienced leaders, whom the young troops will now follow with enthusiasm. Courage, not numbers, above all unhesitating military obedience, in all cases lead to victory.

The Danish Government is actively preparing for war. Fourteen thousand men of the reserve have been called out, and troops have been so disposed as to be in a position to act on the flank of the Germans if necessary.

The Danish Ministry had been reconstituted as follows:—

Bishop Monrad, President of the Council and Finance Minister; Colonel Lundbye, Minister of War; Captain Lütken, Minister of Marine; Bishop Engelstof, Minister for Public Worship and Education; Dr. Casse, Minister of Justice; State Councillor Nutzhorn, Minister of the Interior.

The *Dagbladet*, one of the most important of the Copenhagen journals, employs in its last number the most warlike language, testifying the extreme excitement which prevails in the public mind in that city.

Denmark (it says) will support the war with all the energy and perseverance in her power. We are well aware that for our country and for our people it is a war to the death. But rather than willingly yield a shred of our territory to disgraceful threats, we will fight to the last for the maintenance of our rights. If victory is not on our side, we shall at least perish with glory.

Much excitement also prevails in Sweden, where public meetings have been held and resolutions passed urging the Government to support Denmark against Germany. A Stockholm letter says:—

Warlike preparations continue here. Some few days ago the King named a special committee, composed of three naval officers, for the purpose of applying all recent improvements to the artillery of the Swedish Navy. In Norway the War Department has ordered that the vacancies among the non-commissioned officers shall be filled up as soon as possible, so as to be ready for any eventuality. The Swedish Government has purchased lead to the amount of 141,300 rixdollars (1f. 40c. each); war stores for nearly 30,000 rixdollars, tents for 140,000 rixdollars, 8000 breech-loading muskets for 320,000 rixdollars, revolvers for artillerymen to the amount of 40,000 rixdollars, &c. The War Department has also mounted, within the last few days, a number of cannon of large calibre on the Waxholm Fort, which defends the entrance to the port of Stockholm.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have advices from New York to the 26th ult. There had been no important military operations, but raids, for the purpose of harassing the outposts and intercepting the communications of each other, were numerous on both sides. In one of these the Federals succeeded in cutting the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, in order to intercept Longstreet's communications with Richmond. The victory of Longstreet over the Federals at Bear Station is confirmed, and the Richmond papers affirm that a battle with the above General was expected near Jonesboro', Tennessee. The Confederates are said to have been repulsed in an attack on Fort Gibson, Arkansas, and also in an attack upon the outposts of Natchez. It was reported at New Orleans that the coloured troops in Fort Jackson had mutinied. The Federals had abandoned the Téche country, leaving only a small garrison at Brashear.

The bombardment of Charleston continued. Southern papers stated that four of the Federal monitors had got entangled in the obstructions in the harbour, and had to be abandoned. The report was untrue; but it seems that the Lehigh got aground when engaged on picket duty, and was so much injured that she had to be taken to Hilton Head for repairs.

General Joe Johnston had been appointed to the command of the Confederate army of Tennessee.

General Butler had ordered the enrolment of all the ablebodied citizens in his department, both white and coloured, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years.

General Corcoran died at Fairfax Courthouse, in Virginia, on the 22nd ult., from the effects of injuries received from a fall from his horse.

The Federal Congress had voted 20,000,000 dollars for bounties and advance pay to volunteers, and passed a vote against submitting the legality of the Conscription Act to the Supreme Court.

General M'Clellan was adopted as a candidate at the next presidential election by a meeting of the Conservative Union National Committee, held at Philadelphia on the 23rd.

The New Orleans steam-ship Cromwell was seized by the authorities at New York on the 24th. Large quantities of powder and percussion caps, supposed to be intended for the use of the Confederates, were found on board. Several passengers presenting a suspicious appearance were arrested.

All weapons found in the possession of passengers on board vessels plying between American ports are now taken from them by a provost guard just previous to their sailing. The weapons are given in charge of the purser or the captain, and are only returned to the owners on their arrival at their destination. This regulation has been adopted to prevent occurrences in future similar to that of the Chesapeake, a merchant-vessel, a portion of the passengers on board of which rose upon the crew, killed one of the engineers, and carried the ship to Halifax, where she was detained by the authorities. The mob at Halifax subsequently rescued from the hands of the authorities three of the pirates captured on board the Chesapeake. The act has caused much ill-feeling at New York. The above-mentioned regulations had also been extended to English and other foreign vessels.

The schooner James L. Gerety, from Matamoras on the 16th, owned in New York and bound thither with cotton, was captured on the second day out, by six passengers on board, in a manner similar to the Chesapeake. The captain and crew were kept in confinement for eight days, when they were put adrift in a small boat, from which they landed at Sisal at the end of two days and nights. The schooner has not since been heard of. The captors stated that there were several other parties at Matamoras waiting to take passage in other vessels and seize them when an opportunity of success offered.

#### POLITICAL AGITATION IN ITALY AND HUNGARY.

ADDRESS BY GARIBALDI TO THE ITALIANS.

The following proclamation has just been addressed by Garibaldi to the people of Italy:—

Before the hypocritical intrigues of diplomacy, which, now denying and now caressing the most sacred cause and the most solemn rights, makes a mask of them to cover the shame of its abject selfishness, what remains there for Italians to do?

Betrayed in their aspirations, and their generous initiative misrepresented, the Treasury overladen with debts, dishonest or incapable men in power, a warlike enemy fortifying himself in the north, with enemies not warlike but no less iniquitous, who seek to force us to ally ourselves with their frauds or become slaves to their influence, what remains there for Italians to do?

Let them unite; but no longer in support of men whose antecedents of tortuous policy promise naught save hatred, discord, renewal of party violence, and fatal disengagement.

Let them unite; but not in the spirit which by incapacity and malignity has spent the vital forces of the nation in fratricidal conflict.

Let them unite; but in the name of him in whose loyalty alone we confide with filial truth in a supreme crisis—in Victor Emmanuel II.

He alone never failed in his given word. The insidious arts of diplomacy will shiver, as they have ever done, against his truth and honesty. The country may confide in him in the approaching struggle, because he who was ever the bulwark of the destinies of Italy, and who risked his crown in the unequal struggle on the field of battle, will never descend to compromise, but will conduct us gloriously to Rome and Venice.

Let us, then, unite in the name and with the honesty of Victor Emmanuel. Let him be promptly invested with the dictatorship of the entire kingdom. Let the Parliament be closed. Let the lists for the conscription open before the arrival of spring for the speedy formation of columns of volunteers, who will form the vanguard of the regular army. Let squadrons of National Guards be formed as a reserve, and let us march without loss of time on the Mincio.

In the name of Italy and Victor Emmanuel Dictator all parties will unite; the brigandage will cease which infests the fairest jewel of the Italian crown; the ramparts of Austria will yield; the people of Venice and Illyria will rise in insurrection; Italy will regain her own influence, and, mistress of her own destinies, will be in a position to seize her capital.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi has also addressed to his constituents at Naples the following explanation of his reasons for resigning his seat in Parliament:—

Caprera, Dec. 21.

To My Constituents at Naples.—When I saw 229 deputies of the Italian Parliament confirm by their vote the sale of Italian soil, I had the presentiment that I should not long remain in the assembly of those men who blindly tore asunder the limbs of the country which they were called to reconstitute. However, the counsels of friends, the hope of reparatory events, and an unshaken sentiment of devotion towards my constituents kept me at the post. But now, when I see succeeding to the sale of Nice the shame of Sicily, which I should be proud to call my second country by adoption, I feel myself, electors, compelled to restore to you a commission which enchains my conscience and makes me indirectly the accomplice of the faults of others. It is not only the affection which I owe to Sicily, the courageous initiator of so many revolutions, but the thought that they have wounded in her the right and the honour in compromising the safety of all Italy, which has led me to take this resolution. There is, however, nothing in this which will prevent me from finding myself with the people in arms on the road to Rome and Venice. Adieu.

Much agitation prevails in Italy, particularly on the northern frontier and in Sicily. It is said that volunteers are everywhere enrolling, arms collecting, and the one idea is an attack on the Quadrilateral and Venice. Prince Humbert, who was to have gone to Messina, has been advised not to land, on account of the very disturbed state of public feeling in Sicily, where the exasperation is alleged to be daily on the increase. The organs both of the party of action and of the clergy concur in alleging that an important movement is on foot; and the above proclamation of Garibaldi, together with his resignation of his seat in the Turin Chamber, gives countenance to the conjecture that it is intended to take advantage of the disturbed state of Europe to make an attempt to wrest Venetia from Austria.

KOSSUTH'S ADDRESS TO THE HUNGARIANS.

The following is the text of the proclamation recently issued to the Hungarians in the name of Kossuth. The document was first published in the *Alleanza*, of Milan, which seems to connect the movements in Italy and Hungary with each other:—

BY ORDER OF LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE NATION.

Fidelity to the flag of 1849 survives in the heart of our nation. Refusing to accept any kind of compromise, the great majority of the nation is firmly resolved to shake off the detested yoke of German domination. But, as the external signs of our national life have in recent times not been in harmony with that resolution, our natural allies abroad have conceived doubts as to the firmness of our designs. These doubts have been the greatest obstacles to the efforts of our Government tending to the deliverance of the country. The removal of that obstacle becomes an imperious necessity before the new turn of European events—a turn offering a prospect full of promise to all the peoples who groan under a foreign yoke. We must give a sign of life in order that our natural allies may be convinced that against the common enemy they may surely count upon the arms of the Magyars. We must hold ourselves in readiness, in order that the ties of the terrified Austrian may not entangle our nation in the snare. We must prepare to be in a state to seize energetically the favourable opportunity. For these purposes the Governor, Louis Kossuth, abolishing every previous order, and having judged it necessary to decree the formation of a new general committee, makes known, by the present document, to the nation that, in consequence of that order, the General Committee of Independence is constituted; that it has for its end the realisation of the declaration of independence of 1849; and that, full of resolution and ready for all sacrifices, it has taken in hand the direction of affairs, according to the instructions received, or to be received, from the chosen Governor of our country. The committee expects, from the patriotic sentiments of the nation, that the orders emanating from it will be promptly executed, that its instructions will be followed, and that its measures will be speedily accomplished. At the same time it calls upon the enemies, open and concealed, of the flag of 1849 to abstain from any plot or intrigue if they would not incur the penalty inflicted upon traitors. At all events, the General Committee of Independence declares that it will know how, and that it is determined, to secure obedience to its orders and the accomplishment of the measures which it must take. Long live the nation and good hope! Let every honest patriot prepare himself for action! Our motto is, "1849 and Victory!" Done at Bude, Pesth, the 24th of December, 1863.

The article in the *Alleanza* which contains this document is published under the significant title, "Hungary awakes." The excitement produced by this unexpected event is greater at Vienna than anywhere else. Some persons speak of proclaiming the state of siege, which would be extended to Croatia.

THE COUNTESS DANNER.—The widow of the late King of Denmark has arrived at Flensburg, accompanied by State Councillor Schlegel and her ladies of honour. This lady has purchased a mansion near Paris, and intends shortly to take up her residence there. It is stated that the Countess has made a will, on the solicitation of the executors of the King, and that she has bequeathed to Denmark, after her death, all the works of art belonging to the King, and has also only bequeathed the seventh portion of her property to her family, the remainder being left to public benevolent institutions.

THE FLORIDA.—A letter from Brest states that the repairs of the Confederate corvette Florida are completed, and she is anchored in the roads at two hundred yards from the Federal corvette Kearsage. The engines of the Florida are to be tried on the 10th inst., and she is to sail towards the beginning of February. The two adversaries are to be accompanied to sea by a French ship of war beyond the French waters, allowing the Florida an advantage of twenty hours over the Kearsage, conformably to the regulations prescribed by international law.

FAILURE TO LAUNCH AN AMERICAN IRONSIDES.—The Dictator, a war-steamer more powerful than anything afloat, has been built at New York, but cannot get afloat. Her builder has relinquished all hope of launching her. This ponderous vessel now lies at the foot of Thirteenth-street. No workmen are engaged upon her, and few care to pay her a visit. The builder says that he was afraid if she went off the ways too rapidly she might founder; so he took extra precautions that she should not move too fast, and the result is that she will not move at all. She will be broken up and rebuilt, probably.

A "BOXE ANGLAISE."—A French paper, alluding to the King and Heenan fight, says:—"A 'boxe anglaise' is a generic term, meaning a section of society which frequents 'le ring.' 'Boxeurs' indicate the people who go to see a fight. There is always present a 'juge du camp,' or 'humsipre,' who imposes silence, looks at his watch, and gives the signal to begin." The paper then takes a moral tone, and says:—"The magistrates are now determined to stop this brutality so loved of Bull! The blows shewed on the human chest would make a cutlet tender! They produce no effect on Bull. Let us, then, congratulate a cutlet on being more impressionable than an Englishman."

#### RUSSIAN ROADS IN THE CAUCASUS.

ONLY a few years ago the communication of Russia with her Transcaucasian dominions was principally confined to the Eng Pass, which crosses Mount Kasbek, which, next to Elburz—the mid point of the central chain—is the highest of the range, Elburz being 18,000 ft. and Kasbek 16,000 ft. At the bottom of these mountains there appear stratified rocks, which rise to a considerable height on their sides; and these rocks consist principally of thick beds of limestone, conglomerate, and clay slate; while higher up are seen immense crystalline masses of granite, sienite, serpentine, and gabronite. There is an extensive glacier range in the Caucasus, but, at the same time, not a single lake of any importance; and the numerous cascades feed only three principal rivers—the Terek, the Kuban, and the Kur. Within a few years, however, these apparently impregnable mountains (their sides clothed with verdure and abounding in animal and vegetable wealth, much of it the result of cultivation) have been subjected to the pick and spade; and to these, more than to the force of arms, the free and warlike inhabitants have partially succumbed. Seven Russian Generals attempted without success to force the rocky strongholds garrisoned by the followers of Schamyl; and the sacrifice of 100,000 Russian soldiers effected little beyond the occupation of a few unimportant villages, till Prince Bariatinsky besieged the rocks with pick and axe, and gradually surrounded the enemy with roads, by which the whole country has since been intersected. The Russian army of occupation in the Caucasus forms a separate corps-d'armée, and consists of four divisions, numbered 19, 20, 21, and one of grenadiers; each division consists of four regiments of six battalions each, and a brigade of artillery, amounting in all for each division to 27,000 to 30,000 men. In this force there are seven battalions of rifles. The 19th division occupies the line from Taganrog to Stavropol; the 20th from the latter place to Soulak; the 21st from the Soulak to Bakon; and the Grenadiers from Bakon to Tiflis. Besides this force, there are thirty-seven battalions stationed on the frontier—four battalions of rifles and two battalions of Engineers, division of 8000 dragoons, fifty regiments (of from 800 to 1000 each) of Cossacks, ten battalions of the Cossacks of the line, twenty regiments of Don Cossacks, 15,000 Georgian and other militia. This imposing force, of over 200,000 men, under the command of the Grand Duke Michael, has for its support, if the communication be practicable, the other troops of the Don.

This is one side, the conqueror's side, of the question; but there is yet another side, and it is told painfully enough by the *Levant Herald*, of the 23rd of December, which draws attention to the Circassian refugees in Constantinople, where they are daily arriving in vast numbers:—

"The sad state of these unhappy people," says the writer of the appeal, "landed here penniless and famishing in the heart of winter, is truly deplorable, and we are sure that the English community, who have so often generously come to the aid of the Circassians when the need was not nearly so pressing as it is now, will not refuse to listen to the voice of pity and charity when it speaks so appealingly as it does in the present case of these unhappy people. The Turks have shown a noble example. The Sultan has subscribed 250,000 piasters for their relief from his private purse; 50,000 piasters are contributed by the Valide Sultan; the young Imperial Prince, Yussouf Efendi, gives 25,000 piasters; Fuad Pacha, 10,000 piasters; and all the Ottoman grandees have subscribed in a similar generous spirit. An active subscription is going on throughout Stamboul; and a dépôt has been formed at the Hippodrome, supervised by a commission under the presidency of Vedigli Pacha, a man of high standing, to receive clothes, shoes, flannels, and all other useful contributions in kind that the inclination or convenience of the charitable may suggest to them to give. The utmost sympathy is manifested throughout all classes of Turkish society for the sad fate of the poor Circassians. The Turkish Government have already officially expended some millions of piasters in providing them with transit from the different ports of the Black Sea, and in succouring them here in various ways. All this is most praiseworthy and very satisfactory as far as it goes. But nine thousand of these famine-stricken refugees are here already; they continue to arrive daily by hundreds, and it will be incomprehensible and discreditable indeed if Christians and Europeans, and more especially if English people, do not co-operate with the Turks and emulate their excellent example in assisting to tide these unhappy members of a cruelly-used and gallant people over the inclemency of the winter and the early spring, until warmer weather and more fortunate prospects come to smile upon them."

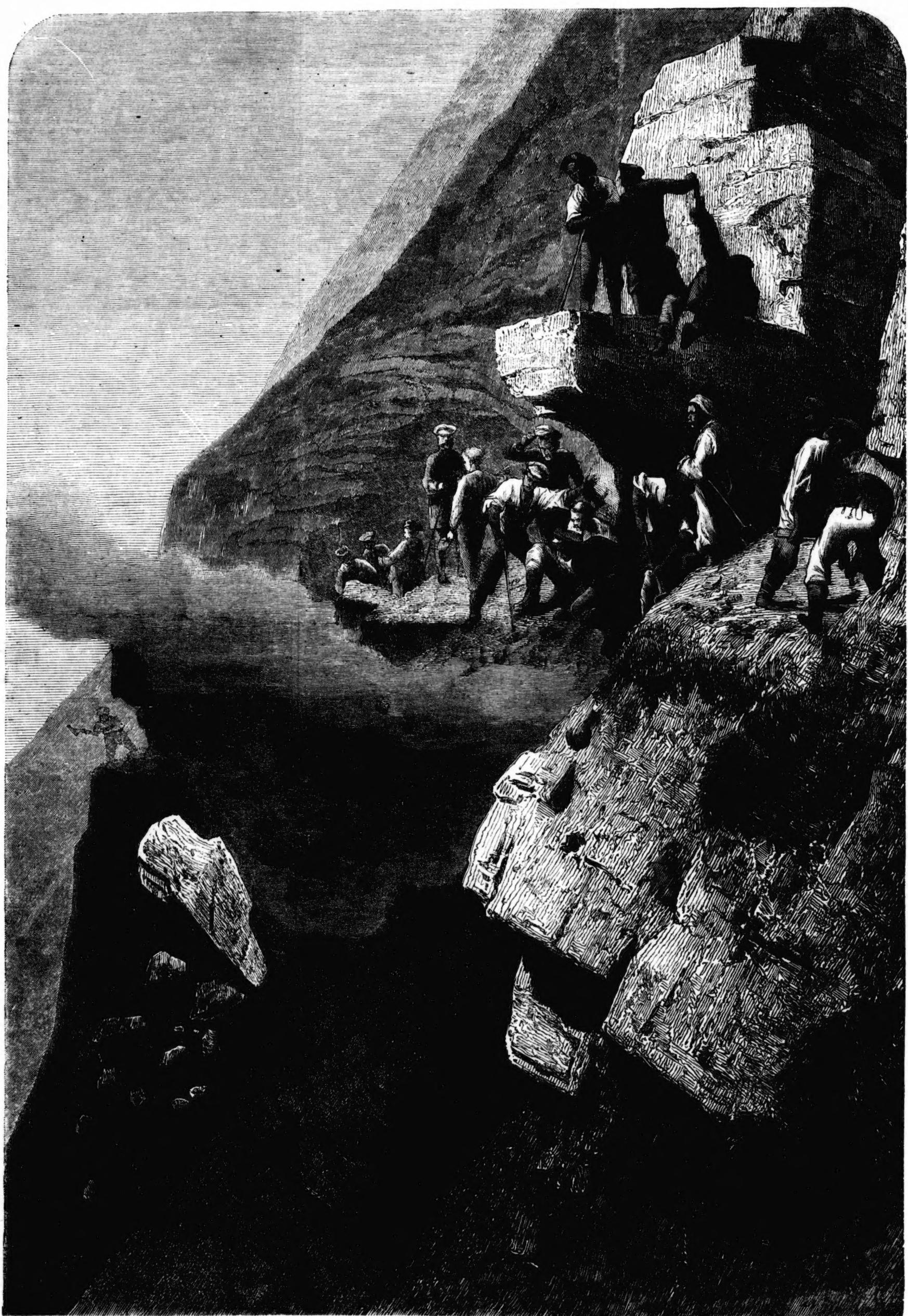
FEMALE SMUGGLERS.—Some women were recently arrested as they were endeavouring to get into the Confederate States. They were searched. One wore a bale of fine linen as a bustle. Her corset was filled with gold coin, quilted in, to the amount of 1200 dols. Another had her form rounded out with padding made of dress silks. Her hose were found to conceal a quantity of gentlemen's cravats, which were swathed carefully about her legs. The third lady's ample bust was filled out by a museum of articles, consisting mainly of jewellery, silk, thread, needles, and medicines.

THE SULTAN AT THE THEATRE.—Contrary to custom, the Sultan recently attended the Italian Theatre at Constantinople. The *Levant Herald* says:—"It ever a man was libeled by his photograph, it is Sultan Abdul-Aziz. He has none of that morose and semi-sowling appearance which he is made to wear in his own capital at all places of public entertainment, and almost at every street corner. He has a fine, manly face, intelligent, with clear and open eyes, keen, and rather scrutinising; but his countenance is shaded nearly always with an air of pensiveness, amounting almost to sadness, which is so often present in Turkish physiognomies. His black and rather closely-cut beard looks all the darker in contrast with his rapidly-whitening hair, although he is only thirty-four years old. Now and then his face lit up with animation at some fine passage of Verdi in the 'Trovatore,' and once or twice a smile played about his features at the humorous absurdities of the opera buffa of 'Crispino,' which followed it. The young princes, who were in the next box, and seemed delighted at the scene, looked very attractive in their coquettish little uniforms."

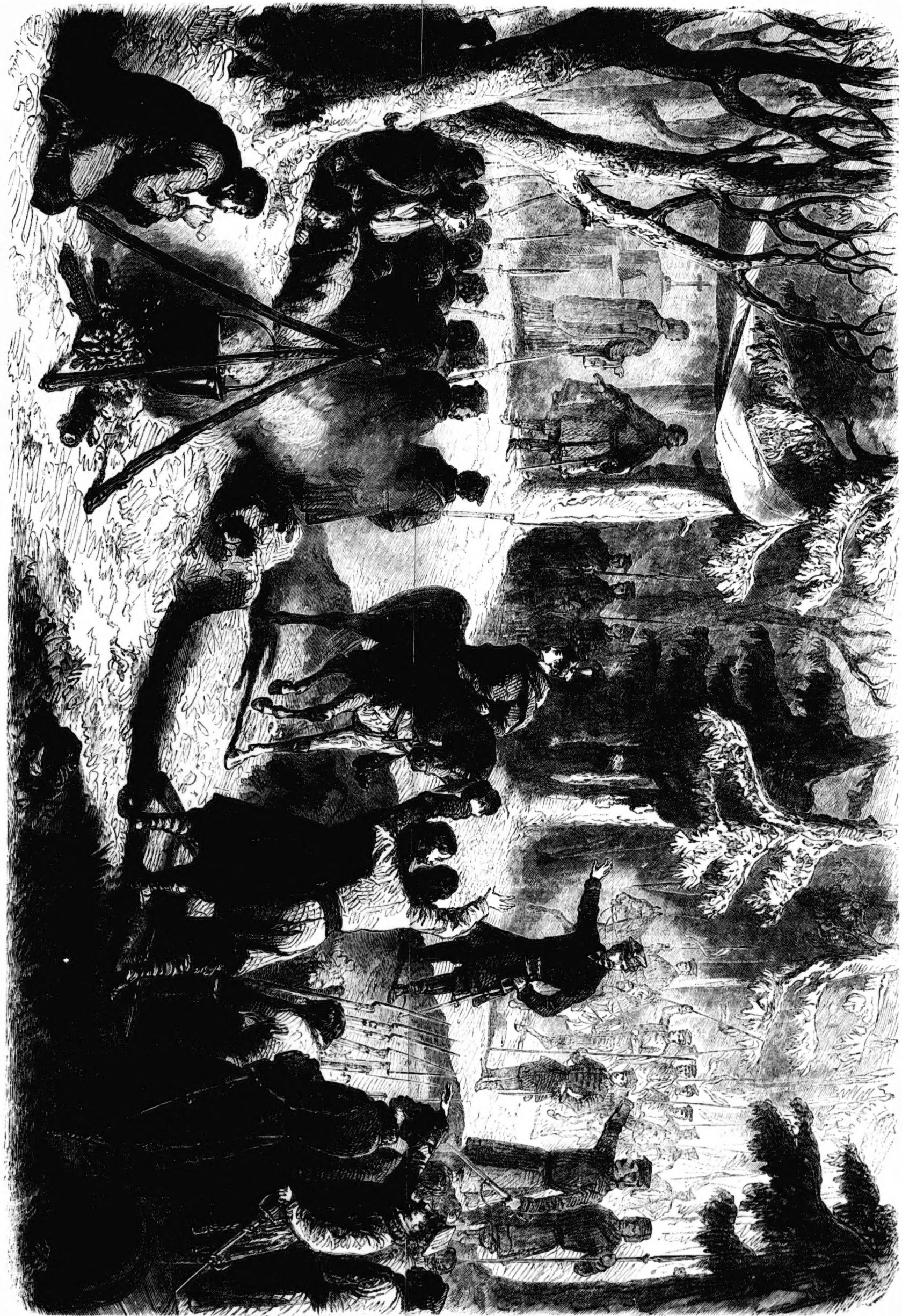
DISCOVERY OF A RIVAL TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—A detachment of troops recently scouting in the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia discovered a waterfall, which is, doubtless, justly entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake River pours over a sheet precipice 138 feet high—38 feet higher than Niagara. Snake River is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is in one solid sheet or body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shoshone, or Salmon Falls, of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake River road. For two days he heard the roaring of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there were a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of 700 feet in seven miles, and the sound gave colour to the report. For hundreds of miles across that great plain Snake River flows through a canon, with vertical walls, hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts, very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers that have crossed the plains ever looked upon the Great Falls.—*Missouri Democrat*, Dec. 11.

LOST SAILOR FOUND.—A seaman, belonging to Blyth, named James Ogle, suddenly disappeared, while his ship lay in the river Thames, upwards of two years ago. It was thought that he had fallen into the river and been drowned. The inference was strengthened by the facts that, with the exception of the suit he had on, he had left the whole of his outfit behind him, and the absence of any known cause for deception. Mrs. Ogle became chargeable to the township of Cowpen; and, as her husband was a member of the Blyth Phoenix Society, she also applied for the "death money" and the annuity of £6 which is due to the widows of its members. The society would only consent to pay if two respectable householders could be got to enter into a bond to refund the money should her husband again turn up, the rules of the society requiring this or positive proof of the man's death. The "security" having been given, Mrs. Ogle's name was placed on the "widow's list," and all concerned thought that would be an end of the affair. However, the crew of the Eliza, of Blyth, which arrived at that port a few days ago, announced that they had seen him alive, and "livable," at St. Nazaire, on board a schooner belonging to Liverpool. The overseers of the township at once telegraphed a description of the man, with a request to have him arrested on the arrival of the schooner at Liverpool. A telegram has been received announcing his capture. At first he flatly denied he was the man, and had done much to disguise himself. A "J. O." tattooed on his arm could not, however, be obliterated, and the determination of the officer to send him to Blyth, where he was "wanted," proved too much for him.

ON TUESDAY, at one of the banks of Glasgow, several workmen presented corners of £1 bank-notes, they having in the obliqueness of the New-Year holidays lighted their pipes with the other parts of them,



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CONSTRUCTING A MILITARY ROAD IN THE CAUCASUS.



CELEBRATION OF MASS IN A POLISH INSURGENT CAMP.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. CARATI)

## MASS IN THE POLISH CAMP.

THE news from Poland differs but little from those reports which have now become so common. The deportation of the people (many of them innocent of any act against the Russian Government) continues week after week, and fresh companies are constantly removed either to the fortress-prisons or to Siberia. Meanwhile, the insurgent bands continue their desultory operations, and maintain the unequal struggle with a brave persistence which nothing seems able to daunt. In order that they may be compelled to succumb on the approach of winter, very urgent steps are being taken to enforce their capture by the inhabitants of the villages situated near the woods. The Russian Commander-in-Chief of the district of Konin has issued an ordonnance which declares that, as at the approach of winter, the forests can no longer serve as a refuge for the rebels, and the latter conceal themselves in towns and villages, where they are sheltered by the inhabitants, every inhabitant who shall not inform the military authorities of the presence of a rebel in his dwelling shall be tried by court-martial and punished as if he were himself a rebel. A fine shall, moreover, be levied on the inhabitants of such towns or villages. Tailors, shoemakers, and such tradesmen, are forbidden to keep ready-made clothes in their houses. Should such articles be found in their possession they shall be severely punished. Mayors of towns or villages are expressly forbidden to supply rebels with carts or horses. Anybody violating this order is to be tried by court-martial, and a fine levied on the inhabitants. The document goes on to say that, inasmuch as the bands of insurgents are at present not numerous, the inhabitants themselves might without difficulty engage them by arming themselves with anything they can find—such as scythes, hatchets, forks, or sticks. They might, further, arrest the bands when not too numerous, and apprise the nearest military detachment of the fact. The Mayors of towns and villages are charged with the organisation of a rural and municipal militia. Every Polish rebel when arrested is to be delivered up to the nearest military detachment. Persons possessing arms or anything else belonging to the rebels are to hand them over to the nearest military chief, for if, on the contrary, such objects are found in possession of an inhabitant, he shall be punished with all the severity of military law. Anybody guilty of a violation of these regulations will be punished with all the severity permitted by the laws, and without any indulgence; nor will any excuse offered by him be taken into consideration.

Under these circumstances, it may be judged by what hardships the Polish bands are surrounded in their forest encampments. They learn caution, however, and whenever a number of young recruits are determined to join the patriotic force in their neighbourhood, they abstain from any meeting for several days, until, on a night dark enough for the purpose, they escape from their town or village and repair at once to the woods, where they find the body of the insurgents prepared to receive them. They are enrolled in the corps, and, after having concluded this ceremony, join their new companions in arms in the celebration of mass, which is performed by a priest in a chapel improvised for the occasion by means of a tent and a few pieces of timber.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

## STAMPED EDITION TO GO FREE BY POST.

Three Months, 4s. 4d. | Six Months, 8s. 8d. | Twelve Months, 17s.

Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to Thomas Fox, Strand Branch Office, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

NOTICE TO CONTINENTAL RESIDENTS.—Mr. Ludwig Denicke, Leipzig, has been appointed our special agent, whose terms of Subscription at Leipzig are 4 Thaler 20 Groschen per year; 2 Thaler 10 Groschen per half-year, including all Double Numbers.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

## PRISON DISCIPLINE.

WHAT is the object of our English prisons? The question appears at first easy of solution; but it happens to be one respecting which some diversity of opinion prevails nevertheless, even among those high in authority. One section of theorists, we use the word deliberately, holds gaols to be means whereby offenders are to be punished, and a deterrent example afforded to those tempted to commit crime. Another set, also of theorists, holds to the idea that they are, or should be, vast reformatories established for the purpose of compulsory instruction of the idle and wicked in religion and useful handicraft, and of developing in them the habit of assiduity. A third and numerous class does not much care what becomes of a thief or ruffian in gaol, so long as he be only kept for a time—the longer the better—out of the way of pursuing his proclivities to the general detriment.

Practically, not one, or even a combination, of any of these ideas is carried out in our prison discipline, as at present administered. So far from thieves by habit and repute being removed from their operations for any period worth considering, it is notorious that the life of the common larcener ordinarily alternates between the gaol and the streets; and instances are not rare in which a score of convicts have been reckoned up against individuals of the class. The system is not reformatory, otherwise we might reasonably expect to find men better for having been in prison. It is scarcely even penal to the ordinary criminal. It is terrible to the casual offender, not so much *per se* as on account of the subsequent degradation which it entails. The common thief begs to be allowed to plead guilty (to escape the hazard of penal servitude), and upon receiving the magisterial sentence, leaves the dock either with a joyful "Thank you, Sir!" or a scornful jeer. He knows well enough that during his incarceration he will be far better housed, fed, and tended than the unfortunate pauper, that his labour will be much more judiciously adapted to his physical capacity than it would be in the union workhouse, and that his condition generally will be far better than that of an honest unskilled labourer with a young family dependent upon his toil.

The Earl of Carnarvon, at a recent meeting of magistrates at Winchester, has avowed himself in favour of the penal system as applied to gaol discipline. "Punishment," says his Lordship, "is the primary consideration. Instruction ought to be the secondary one. Prisoners are committed to gaol not to be educated, but, in the first instance, to be punished."

There can be but little doubt that, rightly or wrongly, this is

the object of our criminal law. Whether any amount or kind of impending punishment will deter the lazy and vicious from crime, is a question upon which some philosophers have differed from the legislators. It has been found that even capital punishment has been ineffectual to secure property from robbery; and, while its abolition does not appear to have given confidence to the thieves, its retention in cases of murder has certainly not checked the crime of homicide. Increase the severity of the malefactor's imprisonment, and, if the old scale of punishment is to be maintained, the length of incarceration ought to be shortened; which, in effect, comes to much the same thing, except that the rogue will be sooner released to prey upon society. And, let the advocates of harsh measures say what they may, they will find extreme difficulty in procuring, under a more rigorous system, the same sentences as those now awarded for the like crimes. The public will therefore suffer by seeing more, while gaolers will see less, of the thieves.

But, admitting the full force of this objection, which appears to us to be entitled to some consideration, it is, nevertheless, most shameful that the rogue in prison should fare better than the honest man at large.

A plan might readily be arranged and carried out whereby all that is reasonable in each of the theories we have set forth might be effected with due consideration at once for the culprit and the community. Let a preliminary period be assigned of punishment, pure and simple. After that a term of detention and of education, moral and industrial, in which, as in life, indulgences may be earned by the exhibition of industry, obedience, and intelligence. Finally, in cases where a long course of previous criminal habits renders advisable an entire removal from former associates and circumstances, provide for the removal of the prisoner, not as a convict but as a free labourer, to colonies where, under proper regulations, he may be allowed, as capital to start with, the accumulations of his earnings beyond the State expenses of his maintenance, training, and transport. We offer these suggestions, in order to meet all the views which we have indicated in the opening of this article. Every one of those views, however apparently diverse, has some basis in the suggestions of common-sense and due respect to the protection of the common security. They are all alike worthy of consideration, and any system which would attempt, while acting upon one or more of them, to ignore another, must prove to be either impolitic, cruel, or futile.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES left Osborne on Saturday, and arrived at Frogmore House in the evening.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is expected to arrive in England towards the end of the month from Belgium, and will pass a few weeks at the Isle of Wight. It is said Westfield House, Sir Augustus Clifford's mansion, at Ryde, has been taken for his Majesty.

THE HATCHMENT which had remained over the grand entrance to Windsor Castle, between the York and Lancaster Towers, since the death of the Prince Consort, has been taken down and placed in the private chapel at the Castle.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN was on Monday formally enthroned both in Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

M. GUIZOT, having completed the six volumes of his memoirs, is said to be about to publish three other volumes, entitled, "Médiations Religieuses."

THE REIGNING FAMILY OF RUSSIA is more intimately and more widely connected by blood alliances with other dynasties than all the rest of the Royal houses in Europe except one—namely, the Royal family of Great Britain.

THE ENGLISH CONSUL has been authorised by the Pontifical Government to sign passports and Italian papers.

GEORGE VICTOR TOWNLEY is now an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital.

A MAN NAMED CAMERON is said to have obtained £30,000 worth of gold-dust at the British Columbia mines.

THE NUMBER OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE COTTON-MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS is again largely on the increase.

THE GREEK GOVERNMENT intends to reduce its army—now 10,000 strong—to 5000 men.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE POPE have been exchanging complimentary letters.

LARGE QUANTITIES OF PROVISIONS are now being imported into Ireland—over 40,000 boxes of American bacon having reached Dublin alone during the past year.

A FRENCH DOCTOR has discovered that brandy or rum is the best antidote for chloroform, and that it will at once counteract the effects of an overdose.

THE COLLEGE AT GLENALMOND, Perthshire, has been entered by burglars, and a quantity of plate and other articles stolen.

IN THE ELEVEN MONTHS ENDING NOVEMBER the large quantity of 7,360,848 pairs of gloves were brought into this country from foreign parts, being upwards of 100,000 pairs in excess of 1862.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND is still proceeding, but the natives have commenced to abandon their strongholds and retire before General Cameron's forces.

MR. WOOLLEY has been paid the whole amount of his claim for the fire at Campden House. The sum thus received, with interest, is nearly £30,000.

THE BUCKS ELECTION has resulted, as was expected, in the return of the Conservative candidate, the numbers at the close of the poll being:—Harvey, 2311; Lee, 313—Majority, 1998.

A NIGHTINGALE'S NEST, with the parent bird and five young ones, was recently discovered near Monaco, and was visited by a large number of persons. An Englishman bought it for 500f.

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF HENRY FARR, of Wigan, has been poisoned by laudanum, that drug having been supplied by a chemist in mistake for tincture of rhubarb.

ADMIRAL AYSCOUGH, recently deceased, was born on board a ship commanded by his father whilst the vessel was in action.

DURING 1862-3, 1075 immigrants were imported into Jamaica. The revenue to the island is in excess of the expenditure by about £2000.

THE DEMANTLING OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CORFU has commenced, the cannon of the fort commanding the harbour having been dismounted and taken away on the 28th of December.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN, at the date of the last advices, were more pacific, Prince Satsuma having proposed to pay an indemnity and to erect a monument to Mr. Richardson.

A FIRE OCCURRED ON TUESDAY NIGHT in the neighbourhood of Basing-hall-street, by which property to the value of upwards of £20,000 was destroyed.

MR. HOME, the spiritualist, has abandoned the profession of medium for that of sculpture, and is busily engaged upon a statue at Rome.

THERE is a great demand for firearms from the manufacturers of Liege just now. Agents from several foreign Governments, particularly the Italian, are earnestly pressing the manufacturers to complete their contracts.

AN OHIO PAPER publishes the following item:—"A deaf man, named Taft, was run down by a passenger-train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

AT THE DORSETSHIRE SESSIONS Sir John Lethbridge denounced the system of taking oaths, which, he maintained, was contrary to Scripture. He said he was now debarred from taking his seat for the county of Somerset because he conscientiously objected to take the oath.

A SMALL SCOW lately got into the current of Niagara River, and the crew, finding their vessel would go over the falls, jumped overboard. Four of them were picked up, but the other was drowned and carried over the cataract. The scow was brought up by a rock.

COPPER MINES have been discovered upon Vancouver Island and the adjacent coast of the mainland of British Columbia.

THE GUARDS have entered into occupation of the new barracks constructed for their use at Chelsea. The barracks, capable of accommodating 1000 men, are situated close to Chelsea Hospital.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT was recently run away with by his horses. Observing that the coachman had lost all control over the animals, and that there was danger of being precipitated into the river, the Viceroy threw himself from the carriage, and, fortunately, fell to the ground without sustaining any serious injury.

THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH, who recently purchased an estate in Norfolk, has presented £50 to each of the parishes over which it extends, with a view to its being distributed among the poor. The Maharajah is fond of field sports, and endeavours in every respect to make himself popular as an English country gentleman.

THE MILAN JOURNALS state that a manufactory of forged Austrian bank-notes has just been discovered in that city. The plates and a small press were seized and several persons arrested. The notes already put in circulation are said to amount to a large sum. A similar manufactory has been discovered in the canton of Ticino, Switzerland.

A YOUNG CLERGYMAN wrote to the Bishop of Carlisle inquiring, as he had already published the banns from his own pulpit, could he marry himself? His Lordship made no appeal to laws ecclesiastical, but at once capped the query with another, "Could you bury yourself?"

THE MUSEUM OF PRAGUE has just received a valuable gift, consisting of a colossal map of China, composed of eight large rolls of paper, neatly fitting each other. This work was executed in the seventeenth century, by some Catholic missionaries, under the Emperor Kang-Hi.

PENSIONS OF £100 A YEAR for distinguished or meritorious service have been conferred on Colonel Muller, of the 20th Dépot Battalion; Colonel Waddy, C.B., of the 50th Regiment; Colonel M'Intyre, C.B., of the 78th Highlanders; and Colonel Budd, of the 14th Regiment.

WHITLED BURY LODGE, the seat of Lord Southampton, near Worcester, Northampton, was totally destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning last. The flames made such rapid progress that none of the valuable contents of the mansion were saved; and the noble Lord and his Lady and infant daughter narrowly escaped with their lives.

WHILE PRESIDENT LINCOLN was suffering from smallpox, a number of visitors called and expressed their sorrow for the severity of the attack under which Mr. Lincoln laboured. "Yes," answered the President, "it is a very nasty disease; but there's this consolation in connection with it, that it is the first time since I was elected that I have had something to give to every one who visited me."

THE GOVERNMENT OF PERU has voted 2,000,000 dols. for the execution of public works, such as opening of new roads, establishment of schools and colleges, and repairs of works formerly carried out. The construction of the wharf at Callao has been ordered to go forward; the estimated cost to be 994,482 dols., to construct such a mole that large vessels may discharge alongside.

THE IRONMASTERS OF SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND EAST WORCESTERSHIRE have resolved to raise the price of iron, and, in a corresponding degree, the wages of the puddlers, millmen, and rollers. The colliery owners, who met the ironmasters, also resolved to raise the price of coal, and with it, as in the previous instance, to raise the colliers' wages.

THE ANGLO-CHINESE NAVAL EXPEDITION has been broken up, Prince Kung having refused to ratify the terms which had been made with Captain Osborn. The result was that the fleet under the command of Captain Osborn was ordered to be sold, and the Captain, with some of the ships, is reported to be on his way home.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WHEN plum-puddings come in politics go out; in accordance with the great law of natural selection, the one destroys the other for a time. Soon, puddings will retire and politics rise again. During the past fortnight puddings have been in the ascendant, and political events exceedingly scarce. Here, however, is a small item of political intelligence—Parliament is to meet on Thursday, Feb. 4. It will be prorogued again on Jan. 13, when my Lord Chancellor will announce that it will assemble on Feb. 4, "for dispatch of business."

On Thursday, Feb. 4, nothing intervening to prevent, Parliament will assemble. It is to be opened by commission, I hear; and no doubt it will have plenty to talk about, albeit it may do but little. Already we have a programme of forty-six notices of motion on the books. I propose to occupy the space allotted to me with some of the more important of these notices, and such comments as may be needful to elucidate the same. Few of these notices will, however, require to be given in full.

Mr. Adderley proposes to make alterations in the minutes of the Education Committee of Council, which alterations are not of sufficient importance to be set forth. He also intends to bring in a bill to remove the charges for Bishops, Archdeacons, &c., in the West Indies from the Estimates. Let the Church pay for its own clerical officers in the West Indies, Mr. Adderley seems to say; and a very reasonable saying it is, only one is surprised that it should come from a Conservative.

Mr. Ayrton is to move a standing order that no bill shall pass a stage beyond the stage for which it has been made an order of the day without due notice. Last Session a bill touching exhibition medals passed through more than one stage one day. This bill Mr. Ayrton opposed, was annoyed by the suspension of the standing order in its favour, and hence this notice. But, as there is one standing order on this matter, similar to that which Mr. Ayrton proposes, one does not see the use of another. If a dozen orders be passed, the power that makes them can suspend them; and sometimes this power of suspension is very important. If I remember rightly, the House once passed an Irish Arms Bill through all its stages in one night.

Mr. Black is to bring in a bill to consolidate the copyright laws; Mr. Blake one to amend the Irish grand jury laws, and another to amend the laws relating to coast and deep fisheries (Ireland). Mr. Black is also to call attention to the defects in the moral treatment of insanity, &c.

Sir George Bowyer gives notice of a bill to amend the law regarding the jurisdiction, &c., of the Inns of Court. Sir George tried his hand at this once before, and failed. Mr. Digby Seymour's case has suggested these attempts.

Lord Ernest Bruce is to move a resolution touching the order of St. Michael and the Ionian Islands. Sir Harvey Bruce, as his manner is, means to launch a fruitful topic of talk, in the shape of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into some regulations which govern the advance of money for the improvement of land, &c., in Ireland. Captain Jervis intends to plunge headlong into that Irish bog, the national education question. Lord Robert Cecil is to tweak the nose of Mr. Robert Lowe for "mutilating," which is his Lordship's courteous way of saying not giving in full, the reports of public school inspectors. His Lordship also is to move for compensation to Captain Blakeley in the case of "the Gibraltar," whatever that may be.

Lord Alfred Churchill intends to try his hand at amending the law relating to the recovery of church rates; and won't succeed, I venture to foretell. Mr. Baillie Cochrane wants a Committee to peep into the Treasury, and the mode of transacting business there. He will possibly get his Committee, but whether he will learn anything therefrom is doubtful. Mr. Coningham has a motion about Capt. Coles and his cupola ships; but Mr. Coningham means to resign as soon as Parliament meets, and the motion will drop.

Mr. Dillwyn intends again to have a tilt at the Established Church in Ireland, and will again fail. Whether that particular Church be built upon a rock I will not say; but I venture to foretell that it will not fall before the feeble lance of Mr. Dillwyn. Mr. Grant Duff has put all the big-wigs at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, and Rugby into a flutter by a notice to move a resolution "with respect to the education now pursued" at those schools, and to call attention to the higher school education of Great Britain. The debate on this motion will be one of great interest. We may expect an eloquent oration from Gladstone on the subject.

Mr. Ferrand will bring in a bill to make the owners of all steam-boilers liable to the provisions of Lord Campbell's Act. What may be the particular effect of this bill, not being a lawyer, I cannot say; but that Mr. Ferrand is moved to bring it forward by his hatred to the manufacturing class there can be no doubt, for his enmity to manufacturers is deadly. He looks upon them as anthropophagi, devourers of human flesh, and hates them as a certain personage hates holy water. He learned to hate them when they were struggling for the repeal of the corn laws; and his head has this pecu-

liarity—when an idea gets into it, it is inexpugnable. He delivers the speeches which he used to deliver when he was in Parliament, holding them in his hand the while—yellow, fusty-looking MSS.—and not dreaming that the world has all changed since then; and is astonished that the House, instead of cheering as it used to do, now melts away whilst he is speaking.

Sir George Forster thinks the grand jury laws of Ireland want altering, and is to bring in a bill accordingly. Mr. Darby Griffith means to ask a question, of course; but as the question, like all his questions, is misty and unintelligible, and, moreover, long, I won't ask you to print it. Mr. Hibbert wants the Secretary of the Home Department to have capital punishments carried out inside the prisons, which the Home Secretary will not do. Mr. Fitzwilliam Hume is to move a Select Committee to inquire and report as to what steps should be taken to prevent the importation of diseased cattle into this kingdom. He would, as it seems, have a quarantine for bullocks. Captain Jervis wants an inquiry into the organisation of the Indian army. Somebody, name not given, has a bill on the paper to prevent exhibitions attended with danger to life. Sir Jervis Clerk Jervis wants the law of treasure-trove altered. Sir Fitzroy Kelly takes the injured Azem Jah under his protection, and is to move that certain rights and properties be granted to the said Azem Jah. Azem Jah is a pretender to the nawabship of the Carnatic. Mr. Caird, who lost his bill for proving chains, cables, and anchors by a "fluke," returns to the charge. Mr. Lanigan is prepared to dash over head and ears, and drag the House with him, into that vast profound, the Irish tenant-right question.

Mr. Lawson, having discovered last year that it is quite hopeless to attempt to persuade the House to pass a Mayne Liquor Law, now comes with a smaller proposition. He is to ask the House to pass a bill to give the owners and occupiers of land power "to prohibit the common sale of intoxicating liquors within certain limits." What "certain limits" means it is difficult to say. Owners of land, of course, can now prohibit the sale on their own lands. Are they, then, to prohibit the sale within certain limits off their lands? It would seem so. But surely this would never do, as a zealous teetotaller might buy a field near some old-established hotel and then shut it up, as being within certain limits of his land.

Mr. McMahon wants the Irish laws assimilated to the English, which would be a good thing to do if we could but first assimilate the people. Mr. Marsh, imitating the phraseology of the celebrated Dunning, who moved that "the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," is to move that the Civil Service Estimates "have increased, are increasing, and ought to be reduced," the greater part of which motion is a self-evident proposition. But how to reduce these estimates? Ay, there's the rub! It is not, however, the Civil Service Estimates which want looking into so much as the Army and Navy, Mr. Marsh.

Mr. Massey, the Chairman of Ways and Means, is to move for a Committee to inquire and report whether railway companies ought to have powers granted them to apply their capital to carry on the business of steam-boat companies, or to other objects distinct from the undertaking of a railway company. Mr. Massey will get his Committee, and a very important Committee it will be.

Mr. Monsell wants the Roman Catholic cause altered. Mr. Newdegate means to try his hand at a bill for the commutation of church rates, and will fail. Mr. Alderman Salomons, in behalf of his Greenwich constituents, will call attention to the fact that Government property pays no local taxes.

Mr. Tite asks for a Select Committee to inquire into the improvements of the approaches to the New Palace of Westminster, with particular reference to the widening of King-street and Parliament-street. And here my list endeth. This, then, is the dish already prepared to be set before our legislators. Of course, it is not a tenth of the feast, but it is something to go on with—just a few snacks to come in when the regular cooks fail.

With respect to Palace-yard, all the buildings which stood between the yard and Bridge-street are down, except Fendall's Hotel, and that is in possession of the Commissioners of Works, and will be demolished forthwith; and the grave question now arises—what will the commissioners do with this space? Half of it will go to widen Bridge-street. Sir Charles Barry meant to erect a line of offices on the other half, extending from the clock tower to Parliament-street. In short, he intended to inclose Palace-yard by the offices just named and a magnificent Gothic screen running at right angles with this line of offices and facing Canning's statue. But it is doubtful whether the House will sanction this plan yet; Westminster Palace has now cost over two millions, and the House is so disgusted with this enormous outlay that I question very much whether it will entertain any proposition to add to it. Besides, Barry's scheme involves the removal of the law courts, and where they are to be taken to is still an unsettled question. Twice Mr. Cowper has tried to obtain the assent of Parliament to their removal to Lincoln's-inn and has failed. The lawyers are at issue on the point, and when the question is brought before Parliament they fight about it like Kilkenny cats.

A venerable and highly-respectable officer of the House of Commons has passed away from the earth within the last few days. Every member and everybody connected with the house knew Mr. Bailey, the Speaker's trainbearer; for Mr. Bailey had many other duties than that of bearing the Speaker's train, and these duties brought him into contact, not only with the members, but with all Parliamentary agents and others connected with the private legislation of the House; and it is not too much to say that everybody liked him. Mr. Bailey was appointed to his post by Mr. Speaker Abercrombie; he must, therefore, have been in the house about thirty years. He died at his place in Cumberland, where he had resided for many years. When the members come together again there will be a good many inquiries made for him, and not a few of the old staggers will feel as if they had lost a friend when they hear of his death.

The meeting of the National Shakespeare Committee, on Monday last, was more exciting than usual. The *Daily Telegraph* gives a milk-and-watery report of the proceedings, conveniently slurring over the more damaging details by the announcement that "a lengthened discussion here took place," &c. This being the case, I am glad to be in a position to furnish your readers with a tolerably complete *résumé* of what really transpired on the occasion.

When the chairman put the question that the minutes of the former meeting be confirmed, an explicit charge was made against the secretaries of not having kept—as they were bound to keep, and as twelve men (the secretaries now number a round dozen) ought to have been competent to keep—a correct record of the numbers who voted for the enrolment of Mr. Thackeray's name on the list of vice-presidents. The minute-book, it seems, gave nine as the number that voted in favour of this resolution, but four or five gentlemen who took part in the proceedings of the former meeting rose up to declare that thirteen really voted, and that thirteen, moreover, was the number announced by the chairman. Next week I shall put this fact beyond dispute by furnishing you with the names of the thirteen gentlemen who voted on Mr. Thackeray's behalf, that your readers may understand the laxity which obtains in all the proceedings of the National Shakespeare Committee, which, with its dozen secretaries—general, dramatic, literary, foreign, colonial, and "in aid"—cannot even get an accurate note taken of its most ordinary proceedings.

To divert attention from this ugly fact, which was either a gross blunder or something worse, Mr. Hepworth Dixon—one of the general secretaries, leader of the *Athenaeum* phalanx and prime director of the cabal formed to oppose Mr. Thackeray's election—rose, and, after a mock expression of regret at the resolution come to by the previous meeting, proceeded (figuratively speaking) to weep crocodile's tears over the memory of the man whom, living, he had been so ready to insult; and, to the intense surprise of the meeting, ended by moving that all record of the circumstance be erased from the minute-book of the National Shakespeare Committee. This was too much for the meeting to stand; and although, as on former occasions, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson—"Hon. Lit. Sec. of the National Shakespeare Committee" (who, in a correspondence on the committee's behalf with Mr. Flower, the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, so gracefully gave the lie to a most honourable gentleman), and the

verbal exponent of the opposition got up by the secretaries and council to Mr. Thackeray's election—was ready to rush to the rescue, and other members of the *Athenaeum* clique were on the alert to render assistance, if opportunity offered, the sense of the meeting was so unequivocally expressed that the motion had to be withdrawn and the minute left intact. A resolution expressive of regret at the vote come to by the previous meeting with respect to Mr. Thackeray was then carried almost unanimously, the few dissentients only desiring to add to it some marked expression of their sense of the course which the majority of the council and the secretaries had chosen to take.

In the course of the discussion, Mr. Robert Bell, a member of the council, who was unfortunately absent from the last committee meeting, energetically protested against the minute-book being tampered with, and Mr. S. Lucas impressed on the meeting that the vote of the committee excluding Mr. Thackeray from the list of its vice-presidents had placed that body in a most humiliating position in the eyes of the public, and that the record of its proceedings, if ever handed down to posterity (Mr. Dixon had talked about the minute-book being deposited in the British Museum), would undoubtedly be pointed at with scorn. He, for his part, thought that those who were directly responsible for this adverse vote to Mr. Thackeray's great and incontestable claims to the utmost honour which the committee had the power to have conferred upon him should not escape the consequences of their greatly-to-be-regretted proceeding.

A most elaborate report of the committee's progress since its original formation, five months since, was then read by the secretary; but so much opposition was expressed both to the form and matter of this document that its reception was unanimously negatived, and the meeting adjourned its further consideration until Monday next.

Although at the meeting on Monday last there were innumerable expressions of regret at the false step which had been taken in respect to the rejection of Mr. Thackeray's unquestionable claims, and some few bursts of indignation at the *Athenaeum* clique and their too-subservient tools—the incompetent members of the so-called "council"—still, after the first brunt of the storm was over, a general disposition to smooth matters down—to make things pleasant, as it is commonly termed—seemed to prevail, and the delinquent secretaries were not called upon, as it was anticipated they would have been, to give in their resignations.

It is easy to see that, however much the movement may struggle on, it will never become a "national" one, owing to certain fatal clique influences that press it down. Its prestige has already gone from it. Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham have decided to hold themselves aloof from the London demonstration, and to join the Stratford one. The urbane Hon. Lit. Sec., Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, may give the lie direct to the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon; but I dare say that those who know both gentlemen equally well will have no difficulty in deciding whose head the cap most neatly fits; while, so far as the representatives of the important towns above mentioned are concerned, they seem to have indicated with sufficient distinctness their opinion on the point at issue between the London and Stratford committees. I fancy, too, that all true lovers of the writings of William Makepeace Thackeray—all real admirers of his genius—will join with his personal friends in holding aloof from a movement of which one of the very first steps of its promoters has been to fling insult upon his honoured name, until the clique which has assumed the direction of its affairs shall be forced to yield their places to abler and more liberal-minded men. Acting upon this feeling, I hear that Mr. Mark Lemon, the genial-hearted editor of *Punch*, has been among the first of Mr. Thackeray's many friends to remove his name from the list of the National Shakespeare Committee.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Before the election of General Bonaparte to the office of First Consul, and while it was being debated on whom the choice of France should fall, it was said in council that he must be a good-looking man, who held himself upright, and could sit a horse well. "Parbleu!" said a wit; "then we had better choose Franconi!" I remembered this anecdote as I took my seat and looked over my bill at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There is something appropriate in making the *locale* of the cattle show a place of quadruped entertainment. After exhibiting the beasts of the field in a state of artificial tallow, why not permit them to exhibit their trained talents? Public taste is becoming classical, in one way, at least. We are getting to like huge amphitheatres, vast shows, and monster entertainments—the more gladiatorial (sensational, the moderns call it) the better. When the King of Dahomey reads our newspapers—and of course he reads our newspapers, if he can read at all—I wonder what that benighted savage thinks of our amusements—rope-dancing, trapèze-flying, prize-fighting, and the like?

"Mais revenons à nos—chevaux." The Agricultural Hall makes a capital circus and ride. It is perfectly inclosed and well lighted, too well lighted, for the line of gas-jets encircling the arena is not only too much for the eyes, but too much for the head. The equestrianism—for I will not say horse-riding while the other charming word is at my disposal—is excellent; Mr. Frank Foster and Mr. Harry Welby being the chief centaurs, and riding with a capital combination of elegance and daring. One of the chief favourites with the ladies was the Infant Perkes, who, though not positively a babe in-arms, is a very tiny horseman or centaurette, and who sits his pet pony as if he had been cradled in a saddle, nursed in stirrups, and weaned on whipcord.

I felt no fear for Mr. Crockett when I saw him among his lions. Such quiet, passive, gentle, amiable beasts were never before seen; indeed, my sympathy was entirely with the brutes—they were so passively submissive, and so evidently in terror of their master and his whip. Those crouching creatures lords of the forest! Less than a domestic cat is mistress of the household.

There was one singular novelty that I must mention. Between the parts Mr. Frederic Archer performed on Willis's grand organ! Imagine that in a circus. After the gorgeous entrée of untrained Tartar steeds, the swell and roll of an enormous organ—a most startling and unnatural union of stable and cathedral.

Everyone has heard the cry that nowadays there are no dramatists. I do not mean translators and adaptors, or mere playwrights—there are plenty of them and to spare—but writers of comedy of the Sheridan, Colman, and O'Keefe standard. The late Mr. Thackeray wrote two pieces, both of which he offered to the managers of London. It is not enough that we have never heard of them, but that he never heard of them. Perhaps they were never read, but tossed aside with the goodhumoured contempt usually bestowed by "spirited and enterprising" directors on the laboured productions of scholars and gentlemen; or, perhaps managers are too spirited and enterprising, and not sufficiently literary and artistic—to little appreciative of the character and dialogue of "Vanity Fair," and too fond of catering for those sort of people who would Dutch-metal the binding of "In Memoriam."

"Asphyxiation of six persons in a theatre" would be a good line for the placard-boards of the cheap daily papers; and, had the latch of a door lifted less easily, we should have seen it on the morning of Tuesday last. One of the ladies' dressing-rooms at the New Royalty Theatre is heated by a charcoal stove. On Monday night, one of its occupants, Miss Terese, feeling suddenly ill, staggered towards the closed door, opened it, and fell senseless. Had she been a few minutes later the fumes of the charcoal would have suffocated every other inmate of the room. Another lady (Miss Leicester) fainted; the rest, though nearly overcome, preserved their consciousness. Mr. F. O. Burnand, who happened to be in the theatre at the time, rendered every assistance, and Mrs. Selby, the manageress, showed the fair sufferers the greatest care and attention. "Ixion" was played as if nothing unusual had occurred. Miss Terese, with English and artistic heroism, winged her flight from the skies a few minutes after she was restored from insensibility. What a death it might have been! I hope, when this is known, that in all theatres the flower safety will be plucked from the nettle danger by the discontinuance of the use of charcoal stoves.

#### ROLLING ARMOUR-PLATES AT THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS.

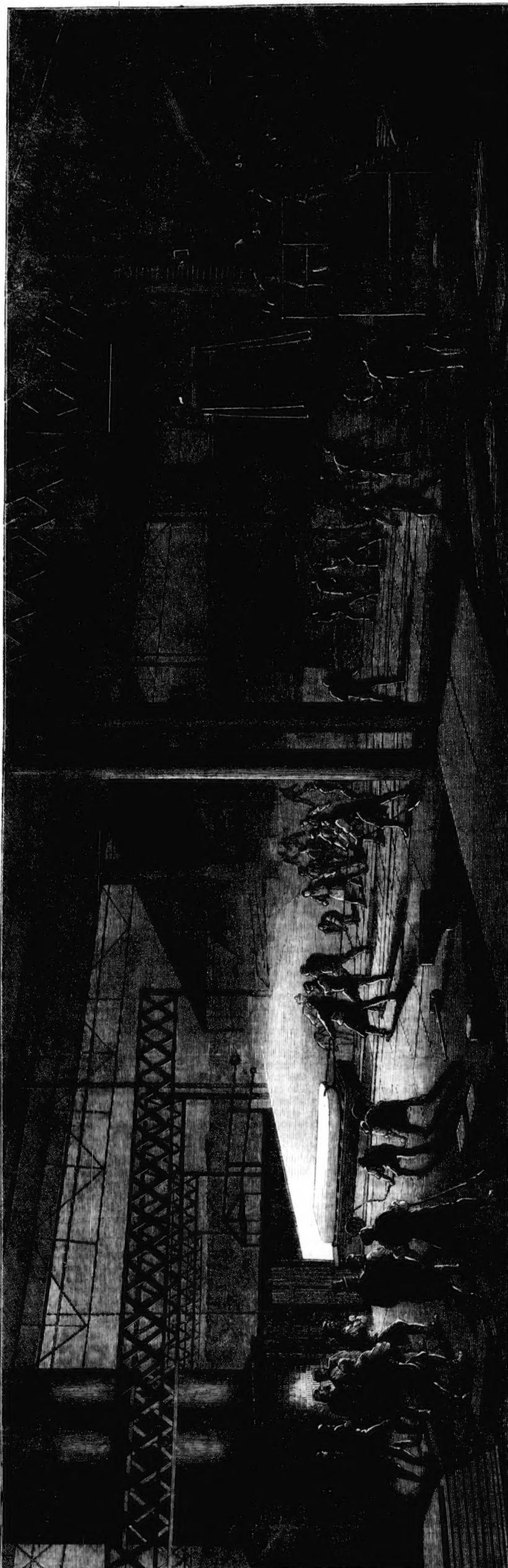
WHATEVER class of vessels the "fleet of the future" may consist of, there is no doubt that the Warriors, Monitors, turret and cupola ships of the present must be cased with iron; and therefore all that relates to the manufacture of "armour-plates" and the attainment of the greatest amount of resistance to the immense projectiles of our modern artillerists, must be of vital importance to a maritime nation. The production of plates of iron of such a thickness as 5 in. and 6 in. being comparatively a new process, is most creditable to our manufacturers that so high a standard of excellence has been attained: plates of English make being now acknowledged to be the best in the world, the French makers condescending us the palm. To this result the Millwall Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company have mainly contributed, their experimental plates having proved on many occasions superior to any with which they were brought into competition, both at Shoeburyness, Ports-mouth, and abroad.

For some time a controversy existed as to the relative excellence of "hammered" or "rolled" plates, the former being masses of red-hot metal beaten into the required shape by repeated blows of enormous steam-hammers, and the latter similar masses passed several times between large iron rollers; but now it is decided that all plates for the British Navy are to be "rolled," as they are of much better fibre and more uniform in quality. This being the case, an account of the method in which they are manufactured may be acceptable to our readers.

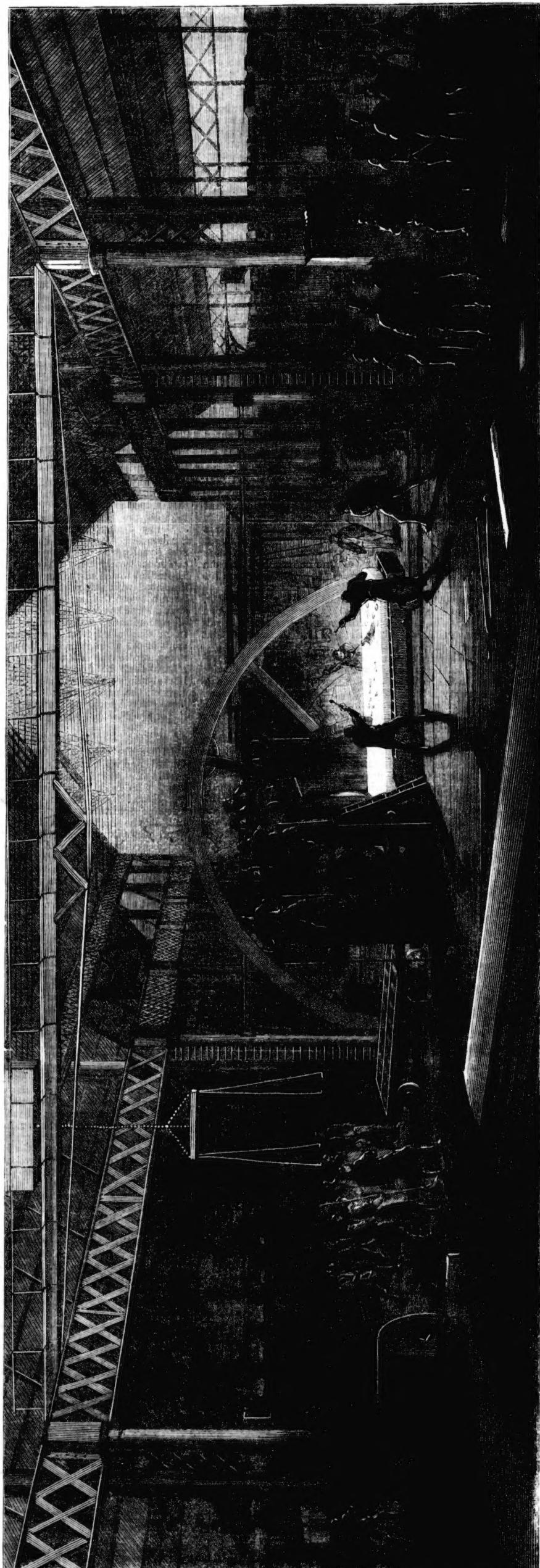
Millwall lies opposite Deptford, and takes its name from an old mill which stood there some years since, but which has now disappeared to make room for busy factories; and, in fact, the whole of the Isle of Dogs, which twenty years ago could show but a few buildings here and there skirting it, is now becoming a busy town, the river-wall being entirely occupied by shipbuilding yards and factories. Of these the Millwall Ironworks (now under the able management of Geo. Harrison, Esq., late of the Canada Works, Birkenhead) are the most important, employing between 4000 and 5000 men. They include, with additions, the yards lately occupied by Messrs. C. J. Mare and Co. and Mr. J. Scott Russell, where the unfortunate Great Eastern was built, and they have a long extent of river-frontage, where may now be seen shipping in course of construction amounting to nearly 30,000 tons, including her Majesty's iron-clad steam-frigate Northumberland, of 6620 tons, to be fitted with engines of 1350-horse power, by Messrs. J. Penn and Sons; an armoured cupola-ship for the Italian Government of 2300 tons, and engines of 700-horse power, by Messrs. Maudslay; two steamers for the West India Mail Company, of 2500 tons and 500-horse power; and many other steam and sailing vessels in different stages of forwardness.

At the back of the building-slips are the engine factories, foundries, &c., occupying a large range of buildings. Crossing the Ferry-road, which intersects the works, we enter a pair of gates, and are immediately attracted by an immense flywheel slowly revolving in the distance; and, picking our way among iron plates in every degree of heat, from the brightest red to the dullest purple, and past ranges of angry-looking furnaces and ponderous steam-hammers, some of which strike their blows with a weight of more than twenty tons, we find ourselves in front of the large armour-plate rolling-mill, which cost (including engines, boilers, furnaces, &c.) not less than £100,000, and is the largest yet erected, the flywheel being 36 ft. in diameter and weighing 110 tons. This mill stands between the two large furnaces, which are in full play, and which make themselves felt at a considerable distance. The place, of course, is all alive; hundreds of men are moving about in all directions, and the dull, heavy blows of the "tilt-hammers" are heard above the confused noise of machinery; but nothing of "fuss" or excitement is visible. Two or three men are hovering about one of the large furnaces, when suddenly a gleam of the brightest light shoots across the partial gloom of a January afternoon: it is from the door of the furnace, which is partly opened for the purpose of seeing whether the armour-plate is at a proper heat. The tinkle of a bell is heard, and the men silently arrange themselves in their places: a massive iron carriage, on which to receive the plate being drawn (working on a tramway) to the mouth of the furnace; and, everything being ready, the furnace-door is lifted, and, if you are very quick, you may see the plate in the fire, supported by large fire-bricks. In an instant it is gripped by a pair of immense tongs, from which a stout chain passes round the roller of the mill, which, slowly revolving, draws it out on to the carriage. Immediately three or four men disengage it from the chain, which is also taken off the roller, and others, in readiness, drag the carriage to the mill, which is on a slight descent; so that, when the men cease dragging and retire on each side, the carriage runs to the mill with a jerk sufficient to send the end of the plate between the rollers, which instantly bite it and draw it through to the other side, where a similar carriage receives it. The roller is then reversed, and the plate is sent back by "rising" the wheels of the carriage, and thus it passes, almost as quick as we can tell it, several times through the rollers, which, of course, are brought slightly closer together each time, by means of screw worked by men mounted on stages on each side of the mill. While the plate is slowly passing through, men (averting their faces, the heat being so intense) scratch the scale off the plate; others brush it with wet brooms; and a pail or two of water is thrown upon it, which is instantly *burnt up* (for it hardly has time to go off in steam). The ease with which the whole operation is performed is perfectly astonishing, the ponderous mass of glowing metal, weighing eight or ten tons, being handled almost like a toy, so complete are the mechanical arrangements. On passing through the last time (the rollers being set at the exact gauge), the plate, which was about 10 ft. in length and 12 in. in thickness, comes out about 20 ft. long by 4½ ft. wide, and 5½ in. or 6 in. thick, as required; and it is only necessary to cut the edges straight before it is bolted on to the side of the vessel. It is now lifted by a powerful travelling-crane and laid on a thick, smooth iron plate, where an immense cylinder of solid iron is passed over it to flatten it, and it is left to cool—only three or four minutes having elapsed from the time it was taken from the furnace. About 150 tons of these plates are produced weekly at this mill. We lately witnessed a still more striking sight, having seen armour-plates of the enormous length of 50 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. rolled in the same manner for the great target now being manufactured for the Russian Government at these works. This will be the *largest* and most probably the *strongest* target ever made, its weight being over 150 tons. In fact, it will be more like a *fort* of respectable size than a target, having three embrasures for the largest guns; and it is expected to resist successfully the efforts of the heaviest armament that can be brought against it. It is constructed on the patent of Mr. Charles Lancaster and Mr. John Hughes, the latter gentleman being the superintendent of the mills, hammers, &c., at these works, and whose experience in iron manufacture in all its branches is second to none in the kingdom. In addition to the armour-plate rolling-mill are three smaller mills which are constantly occupied in the manufacture of the ordinary plates used for ships' sides; for "angle-iron," or ship's frames; for boiler-plates, and the various other classes of wrought iron used in shipbuilding, in boiler-making, the preparation of girders for bridges and other structures, and the numerous other uses to which iron is now being daily applied.

Recrossing the road, we are taken into the extensive factories for the construction of marine-engines, and a little further on we find two large foundries in active operation. Here have been recently cast and fitted the forty colossal cast-iron columns on which the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway bridge at Blackfriars is to be supported, the contractors having availed themselves of the resources of the Millwall Company in the manufacture of them. Our readers will remember that it is on this bridge that the railway which will cross Ludgate-hill is to be carried over the Thames; and of the activity with which the works are now being pushed forward, the two gaps in the houses on each side of that well-known thoroughfare give such proof.



FORGING ARMOUR-PLATES AT THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS : DRAWING THE ARMOUR-PLATE OUT OF THE FURNACE.



THE ARMOUR-PLATE IN THE ROLLING-MILL.



THE SLIDE.—(FROM A DRAWING BY C. A. DOYLE.)

## GOING DOWN A SLIDE.

The effect of that renowned drug, "ha-sheesh," upon him who swallows it is said to be great elation of spirits, a sense of super-abundant vitality, a tendency to exaggerate all his actions in consequence of an exaggerated consciousness of outward things, and a disregard of those carking cares which had previously wrought so

melancholy an effect upon him. A very similar result may (or we are much mistaken) be experienced when we find ourselves upon a good clear piece of ice, on a fine, bright, bracing morning after a few days' frost. People under these conditions seem to thaw in an inverse ratio to the intensity of the cold, and, with very little regard to so-called "appearances," become natural, cosmopolitan, benign.

The stagnant current of life stirred into exercise seems to change the expression of the character; the taciturn become grimly genial; the amiable burst into uproarious jollity; the timid grow venturesome, the bold considerate; a common object and a common liability to tumble develop brotherhood, and he is the best man who can stand longest. Amongst the skaters these characteristics

are obvious, but they lose their force for the want of combined action. To see at one glance the spectacle of human nature (if we may so speak) *en deshabille*, and thereby to acquire true self-knowledge, we should make one of a party whose energies are directed to "going down a slide." Who has first "cut out" the slide is something of a mystery: probably some workmen going out in the early morning have come upon this piece of smooth ice, and, being seized with the genial influence of the weather, have stirred their blood up to working point by ten minutes' exercise. At all events, here it is, lying amidst the white superficial rime like a bar of silver sparkling in the sun.

As there is a simultaneous discovery, so there is perfect equality in the amusement, possession being first taken by the boys, led off by a knowing "printer's devil" on an errand for "copy," and followed by two or three equally-practised newsboys and such street Arabs as happen to have boots. We acquire force as we go, not only in speed, but in number. The "cad" who has been stamping his feet to keep them warm, as he looked on and sucked his short pipe with philosophical and critical equanimity, no longer resists the influence of the stirring sport, but "keeps the pot a bilin'" with practised efficiency, occasionally displaying such accomplishments as bringing both feet together, or "knocking at the cobbler's door," quite unconcerned at the fact of his being followed by a policeman in whose official breast the enthusiasm has begun to glow, and who launches himself stiffly, and with his official boots very wide apart, upon the slippery path. This is a great occasion for the boys, who, uncertain whether to regard it as an act of condescension or a weak concession for the purpose of a temporary truce to hostilities, are at first a little shy of coming up too sharply behind him. Soon, however, the equality begets familiarity, and he is urged to greater speed by shouts of "Now, then, Bobby!" while one little urchin, more adventurous than the rest, inquires whether he would like to "ketch hold" of him for fear of falling, and at the same moment makes a futile endeavour to trip him up. On we go in a gradually-lengthening line, our numbers increased by those who have been watching the skaters until they see more sport in joining us on the slide. The policeman is followed by one or two of the quiet and respectable public, who regard him as the representative of law and order, but who come to grief presently by the malicious mischief of that "printer's devil," who suddenly begins to slide "toes in" and brings confusion into our rank. Let the inexperienced skater beware of crossing our path, or the smooth ice will assuredly give him a heavy "cropper," and serve him right, for cutting up our sport. All the old hands, including the countryman who creeps along so awkwardly, with extended arms, and the bepinched, red-nosed, "comforter"-enveloped enthusiast, of whom it may be inferred that he has borrowed a pair of skates for the occasion, avoid our noisy party; but soon our shouts and laughter attract the attention of some among the skaters who have been disporting themselves before their fair companions, until the latter have deserted them for the merrier sight of the long file of adventurers going down the slide with varying fortunes. Another minute and they have joined us—two bonnie, rosy-cheeked lasses, each supported by a brace of stalwart and fearless skaters, and marshalled by that indomitable "devil" who has altogether forgotten the "copy" buttoned in his jacket and the editorial impatience. Away we go, tenderly solicitous to save our fair companions from a tumble, respectfully appreciative of the ruddy cheeks flushed by the keen air; of the musical laughter, of the looped-up dresses, showing the smart petticoats; and of the dainty boots and well-turned ankles, never seen to such advantage as in going down a slide. Soon the fun grows fast and furious; unfortunates who come to grief pick themselves up and come in as best they may; even those pretty little screams are of no avail; for to stop is useless, unless to bring the rear rank upon us, when we shall all come down in a promiscuous heap. We keep the "pot boiling" so very sedulously that at last it boils over, the crimson and open-work petticoats, and the feet and ankles thereto belonging, are whisked away, an artful and designing street-imp falls under the very knees of the policeman, law and order are for the moment subverted, and the game is over.

Wonderful have been the revelations of character to the mere looker-on, however. The crisp, bracing air and the glorious exercise have turned the very blood of the sliders into bubbling champagne, or some more potent liquid, which, having mounted to their heads, has brought out their qualifications with all the truth of wine. So we beheld the sanguine spirit who, starting with a spurt and full of happy auguries, has only saved himself from damage by skilfully hopping off before he came to the end; the cautious individual, who prudently measures his distance and comes sailing slowly on, the space between his feet increasing till he comes to a standstill in the middle and is borne along by the impetus of others; the representative of amiable incompetency, whose boots will have their own way and ultimately turn him round long before he reaches the end, to which he is finally escorted by the assistance of his fellows, who help him to "hold up"; the man who goes to work with the same serious perseverance with which he would dance a quadrille—who is never the subject of an accident, but who, at the same time, holds little fellowship with the rest; and the comic person, who boldly avows his incapacity, and exhibits it by the most absurd attitudes, but who afterwards turns out to be an accomplished tactician. As to the boys and some other members of the floating public, they are so used to the buffets of life that a few tumbles make the great sport of the game; and, as they are adept at falling without being hurt, their position is not a little enviable in going down a slide. Worst of all the people whom we have been watching is the fellow who is hopelessly incapable of keeping his feet, and yet always contrives to fall so as to bring somebody down with him heavily. Upon him, however, the boys have no mercy, and the small of his back is constantly menaced by swiftly advancing boot-tips. Looking thoughtfully at the chances that attend each of the party, they are marvellously adapted to his individual character, and we may easily discover that there is a more perfect equality than we sometimes imagine in this mortal career, or what is the same thing, in "going down a slide."

**PRISON DISCIPLINE.**—Some time ago the Earl of Carnarvon, as chairman of a committee of Hampshire magistrates, presented to the county magistrates a report on the discipline observed in Winchester Gaol—the object of the report being to make the discipline more severe on the prisoners. The visiting magistrates at the time took some objection to this report, and it was remitted to them for their consideration. On Monday the whole question came before the magistrates, when Lord Carnarvon moved the adoption of his report. Lord Cholmondeley, as head of the visiting justices, moved an amendment, the effect of which was to give the visiting justices more discretion than the report afforded them in carrying out its provisions. After some discussion, Lord Carnarvon's report was carried against the amendment by a majority of 47 against 19.

**OUR NAVY.**—The total strength of the effective ships of the Navy on the 1st of January was 975 of all classes, not including a number doing duty in the various harbours, both at home and abroad, the whole of which would be speedily converted into block-ships for the defence of the coast, together with a numerous fleet of iron and wooden mortar-boats laid up at Chatham. Of this number there are 72 vessels ranking as line-of-battle ships, each mounting from 64 guns to 121 guns; 42 vessels of from 60 guns to 74 guns each; 91 steamers and other ships, carrying an armament of from 22 to 46 guns each, and the majority of which are of a size and tonnage equivalent to line-of-battle ships; 25 screw-corvettes, each carrying 21 guns; and 500 vessels of all classes, including iron ships of great power and tonnage, carrying an armament of from four guns to 21 guns each. Exclusive of the above there is a squadron of 185 screw gun-boats, each mounting two Armstrong guns, and nearly the whole of which are fitted with high-pressure engines, each of 60-horse power. The total number of ships of all classes in commission, and serving in nearly every part of the world, is upwards of 800, the remainder being attached to the reserve squadrons at the various naval ports, and partially equipped in readiness to proceed to sea whenever their services may be required. The vessels now on the stocks at the various Royal dockyards, exclusive of the iron and iron-cased ships, amount in tonnage to 44,217. The number of line-of-battle ships and vessels of all classes, including gun-boats, which compose the East India and China squadrons, is 51. The North America and West India squadron consists of 29 vessels. The squadron in the Mediterranean numbers 29 ships and gun-boats. The number of ships stationed on the West Coast of Africa, to aid in the suppression of the slave trade, is 22. The Pacific squadron numbers 13 vessels, and that on the south-east coast of America 11 ships. There are eight line-of-battle and other ships stationed at the Cape of Good Hope. Seven vessels compose the squadron in Australia. The Channel squadron consists of seven vessels, nearly all ironclads.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

### THEATRICAL TYPES.

#### NO. IV.—LONDON MANAGERS.

THE managers of London theatres are a peculiar race. There are but about twenty theatres in London; it follows, then, as a matter of course, that there can be but about twenty London managers; and as the population of these isles amounts to some millions, it also follows that twenty men among those millions following one particular calling must have a natural sympathy with each other as managers; for in no other respect does the least sympathy exist between them.

As we intend these sketches to be types of character, and not photographic portraits, we shall go as far back as the beginning of the present century for the subject of our photographs. In the course of the last fifteen years the whole aspect of theatrical affairs has so changed that the man of forty summers may consider himself a sort of connecting link between what was the stage and what it is—between the buckskin breeches, top-boots, and white hats of the comedies of Colman, Jun., and the gibus, patent leathers, floppy trousers, and frizzy beard of modern melodrama, as it talks and stalks, bows, banters, fights duels, and feigns indifference.

To begin at the beginning, when George III. was King, and his son in the chrysalis state of Prince Regent, London managers were men who enjoyed a celebrity apart from their lesseeship and connection with the theatre. There was your BUCK MANAGER, who was a gentleman with strong dramatic tastes and a liking for society, theatrical and literary—a jolly, florid personage, fond of hearing the chimes at midnight, a member of several of the best clubs, an M.P., a daring rider, and an accomplished duellist—altogether a self-satisfied, six-bottle sort of fellow, who got drunk every night and thought it was the right thing to do, and threw bumpers of burgundy over his head in honour of ringing toasts, and could snuff a candle at twenty paces, and had fine legs for either boot, spur, silk stocking or trim buckle. The sort of man who in the "house" cheered the Ministers or the Opposition, as the case might be; then rattled down to his theatre in his chariot, and rolled into the stage-box to applaud Kemble, Harry Johnson, or little Knight; who, when a rising, young actor made a hit, came round behind the scenes and clapped him on the back in the greenroom, and said, "By Jove, Mellowings, his Royal Highness is delighted with you! By Gad, he said to me last night, speaking of you, that man's gentleman; he carries his hat like one, and look at his neckcloth; never saw finer performance in my life—never, by Jupiter! Well; put up 'The Inconstant' next week; it hasn't been played since old Lewis; and show Charley Kemble what stuff we're made of at this house; and, by-the-way (this in a whisper), your salary is insufficient: when you go to the treasury on Saturday you'll find it—." The rest quite inaudible. Unluckily, the high-spirited manager was not enabled to carry out the good intentions inspired by liberality and burgundy; and on the following Saturday the treasurer would tell Mr. Mellowings that he regretted that the resources of the treasury did not permit him at present to carry out the desire of the manager, but that he hoped in a few weeks, &c. The Buck Manager was a fine fellow, but possessed with that fatal inaccuracy as to arithmetic, which is not an uncommon want in theatrical managers and fine fellows, generally.

The LITERARY MANAGER was much the same sort of person as the Buck Manager, minus the associations of the Court and the House of Commons. He was also gay, jovial, genial, fond of company, cards, dice, and in debt to every one who would trust him. He spent eight months of the year in the King's Bench, where he divided his time between parties, racquets, and the composition of brilliant comedies. Loud was the laughter, and luminous the wit when a coterie assembled in his prison chambers to drink brandy out of wine-glasses and champagne from pewter pots. The Marquis of A., the fine-arts patron, Lord B., the poet; C., the composer; D., the actor; E., the wit; and F., the pugilist, rode over to the Bench to condole with poor George over his misfortunes.

A carokey lad was kept continually running between the manager in prison and his theatre in difficulties. The sort of messages he brought were, "Mr. Bannister's compliments, and can he have a song for his exit in the second scene?" "Song! surely!" would echo the prisoner; "of course he can. Where's the paper? Oh, I've got none! Boy, go and fetch a quire."

The boy would linger.

"Ah! yes, I forgot. Would your Lordship lend me half-a-crown? If you haven't change a guinea will do; and bring some pens, and tell the fellow if he sends me old ones again my friend F. will come and knock his two eyes into one." When the paper was brought the volatile author would sit down, and while the poet and the boxer went the gloves, the composer hummed his latest air, the wit turned on his full flash of humour to the noble patron with a view to future favours, and the actor complained of the cast of the new play, would write a song with a jingling chorus of this sort:—

Debtor perplexed,  
Harassed and vexed,  
Creditors dinning and dunning,  
Bolts off to France,  
Give 'em a dance,  
Writs and imprisonment shunning.  
Bailiff  
Will sail, if  
To catch him he fail, if  
The runaway debtor's got money;  
Then leaps into luck,  
Meets a middle-aged duck,  
And swears she is sweater than honey.  
He marries her,  
Carries her  
Quick off to Paris. A  
Man that's in debt leads a terrible life,  
Till he picks up, or meets with, a heavy-pursed wife,  
A heavy-pursed wife,  
Till he meets with a heavy-pursed wife.

"Here, will this do?"

And the literary author, after singing the song, would receive the compliments of his friends.

"Just the thing for Bannister," says the composer. "I'll set it to music."

"Three hundred thousand thanks," says the prisoner. "Sit down and do it now. You'll want some music-paper. Sink it! there never is a bit of music-paper in the Bench. What an inconvenient place it is! Boy!—stop; could your Lordship oblige me with half-a-crown?"

"Why, just now, I—"

"I know; but I want the change for to-day's dinner. Even princes must eat. Thank you. That'll make ten. Quire of music-paper, quick, boy!"

The YANKEE MANAGER was a genius of quite another sort—cool, collected, and wary. He would take a theatre, as he would take any other business establishment—with a view of making as much profit as he could at the smallest risk and trouble to himself. Although less liberal in promises than the more aristocratic Buck, he always fulfilled his pecuniary engagements, and, in an instance which will be mentioned in its proper place, showed an amount of finesse and perspicacity worthy a Prime Minister. With the odd inconsistency peculiar to their calling the actors, while admitting his good qualities and punctual payments, did not like him so much as either the Buck or the Literary directors—they found it so detectably commonplace to receive their money weekly that Saturday ceased to be an excitement, and the production of a new play an object of pecuniary as well as artistic anxiety.

The ACTOR MANAGER of thirty years ago was a man of totally diff'rent type to his successor of the present day. He was an intensely clever, bustling, wrongheaded, highly appreciative fellow, fond of his anchors, his company, his orchestra, his sceneshifters, his supernumeraries, and all that belonged to the little world he ruled. During the rehearsal of a new piece he would swear horribly and stamp on the stage till the soles of his feet tingled again. On the night of its production, attired in his character-dress, he would be

here, there, and everywhere—assisting the actors in the adjustment of their wigs, finding fault with the coiffure of a soubrette, discharging the prompter, imprecating every portion of the anatomy of his stage-manager, helping a carpenter in the "setting" of a rock-piece, challenging his leading tragedian to mortal combat on the morrow, making speeches to the audience to appease them for the long delays between the acts, and conducting himself generally like a lunatic in fancy costume; but, the piece over, he would raise the prompter's salary, ask his stage-manager to join him in a bottle of champagne, treat the carpenter to beer, invite his leading tragedians to dine with him on Sunday, and thank his generous and liberal public for once more cr-r-r-owning his humble efforts with their kind approval. The first to recognise merit in an aspirant, he was the last to listen to the grumbling of a fastidious author or a tyrannical stage-manager. Beloved by all tragedians, comedians, carpenters, callboys, sceneshifters, and supernumeraries, his funeral presented a long procession of grateful and weeping mourners, who dated all the events of their lives from his death, and who said constantly, "When poor Yorick was living he would never," &c. "Alas, poor Yorick!"

He over the last five and twenty years to the present caterers for the public! The change is great, and, like many other changes, the reverse of an improvement. There are so many varieties of the species that our limits will only permit us to touch upon a few. First and foremost in right of social rank and melodramatic mystery stands the

#### INVISIBLE MANAGER!

This extraordinary creature, like the changes in the spots of the leopard's skin, as described by the showman, is never to be seen by the naked eye. He is in form as impalpable as the dagger seen by Macbeth's murderous mental vision. His name is never breathed, even by checktakers and moneytakers in their moments of most confidential intercourse. Who he is, what he is, where he lives, and everything connected with him is, to quote Lord Dundreary, "one of those things that no fella can find out," although his method of conducting the business of his theatre is simplicity itself. He makes an arrangement with some actor of good talents and position, and places his name at the head of the playbill as whole, sole, and entire manager. London managers suffer great anxiety that they should be known to be the sole lessees, as if theatres were ever let to half a man. The actor thus placed is invested with a sort of mock authority, and pretends to be the real director with considerable artistic fervor; and, if he be an impressionable and imaginative person, at last works himself into a belief that the theatre is his own; that he accepts pieces, makes engagements, pays salaries, and suffers losses; but, after all, he is only a sham, a state pageant—like the Champion of England at a coronation. He no more rules the helm than did the Doge in the days of the famous Republic rule Venice. The strings that move the puppet monarch are pulled by the invisible one. He chooses plays, farces, burlesques, engages actors and fixes their rates of payment; but he is never seen. He even carries out his own self-disembodiment so far as to pay for his own admission to the boxes of his own theatre; and to give his friends orders signed with the name of the actor presumed to hold the reins of power. As dark cave sits behind the horseman, so does the invisible manager sit behind his powerless Grand Vizier and guide his hand.

The deputy director sometimes makes good use of his ghostly principal. When a performer thinks a part unsuited to him, or that his income is incommensurate (the reader will, I trust, acquit me of the intention of making a pun) with his talents, the pseudo-manager will say in a friendly way, "My dear Trodnon, I, of course, having an actor's feelings, can sympathise with an actor's feelings, and I perfectly agree with you that the part is bad;" or "that the salary is small, and, if I could do as I wished—but, unfortunately, I have others to consult; if it were not so, &c."

The COMMERCIAL MANAGER is a very common type in this present theatrical, and is willing to exploit opera, ballet, equestrianism, Shakespeare, practical age. He takes an entirely commercial view of all things Ramo-Samee Indiarubber Peruvians, real water, the legitimate drama, speaking pantomime, or pantomimic tragedy, so that it bring in the ready sixpence. He is not unfrequently a member of the Hebrew persuasion; and even when he is not he is gorgeous in waistcoats, and his breast, neck, fingers, and wrists are burnished and furnished with all sorts of chains, pins, rings, and pretty things from the jewellers. He prides himself greatly upon his practical commonsense, distrusts manuscripts, fears authors, but places great reliance upon his costumier and property-man. His conversation is not choice, except as regards oaths, which are of a raciness and full flavour that would discredit to an irate cabman. Although he professes a high respect for dramatic literature, he judges of the merit of a drama like a buttermilk—by its weight in paper. He is a great man for bargains, and will buy a quantity of damaged velvets for a fabulously small sum, after which he will search for an author to write him a piece for the velvets. "Lovely velvets—make any piece popular them velvets would," says the commercial manager. The drama found, if it fail he despairs of the prospects of the theatre. Publics are so fickle nowadays. "Who would have thought that with them velvets any piece could fail?" The Commercial Manager is a great financial genius, and cuts down salaries and expenses to the very lowest scale. He is also fertile in expedients for stopping a night's salary from his employés, and was the original inventor and introducer of that wonderful piece of economical meanness, a Complimentary Benefit, which means a benefit for the manager, on which occasion the actors, actresses, sceneshifters, supernumeraries, and all give their services gratuitously. Fired with the success of this ingenious dodge, his next plan was to inaugurate an Amiable Ticket-Night, the meaning of which was that all the members of his company were to take tickets and sell them for him. He was, however, dissuaded from this—perhaps on the ground that the word "Amiable" was unmanagerial, and would not look well in large capitals at the top of a playbill. The Commercial Manager is a wonderful advertiser, and would, if he were permitted, placard the gates of Buckingham Palace with many-coloured announcements, such as,

#### TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

Make your Children happy by taking them to see the new and thrilling Drama of the

#### HOST OF THE GRAVEYARD OF GHENT!!!

Crowded Houses!!!

Or,

Are you coming? coming? coming? If you are—best come at once! and see the new Screaming Scunner,

A. B. C. Def!

Box-doors besieged by brilliant multitudes eager for the curtain's rise!

Lastly, the C. M. is very litigious, and always involved in lawsuits; in fact, an attorney is laid on to his establishment like gas, and picks out holes in engagements and flaws in arrangements for his clever client's interest. The Actor Manager is a good second or third rate sort of artist, who forces himself into a prominent position by taking a theatre, and, by carefully stowing down the abilities of the authors and actors he employs and mixing with his own their mental and artistic porridge, makes his weak water-gruel talents thick and slabby. Just now the stage is terribly plagued by various sorts of these self-sufficient entrepreneurs. There is your Tragedian Manager, who kindly puts Shakespeare right, and explains what that erring author really meant; and there is your High Comedy Manager, who knows three Lords to speak to, and once met a Countess at a ball, and is in consequence a great authority on fashionable life; and, like Goldsmith's bear-leader, can't abide anything that is low. These two varieties are very fond of teaching young actors how to act, and so successful is their tuition that very often a promising young comedian from the provinces has in six difficult lessons been tamed and tortured into the ineffective and passionless delivery which forms so valuable a setting to managerial mediocrities. Another of their peculiarities is remarkable. They seldom or never engage an actor or actress taller than themselves. An engagement at their theatre depends more on inches than genius. No mere actor should

be taller than his manager. Banquo should always be smaller than Macbeth, and the jeune premier role shorter than the grand premier rôle. Height, like individual talent, must be kept down to one regulation standard. In regard to their well-disguised servility to the gentlemen who notice the theatres in the daily and weekly papers, actor-managers are by no means more open to animadversion than either the commercial or the invisible ones.

The most terrible fellow of all—the one who sits most heavily astride the shoulders of the prostrate drama—is the

#### PUBLICAN MANAGER!

He is usually a man of very humble beginnings—say, something in the street vegetable line, or the street tumbling line, or in the pugilistic line—who, having from the position of potman raised himself to that of barman at a tavern, on his master's bankruptcy becomes the landlord. Gifted with cunning, he perceives that, in his parlance, "the theatrical line jined to the public line is a good game." Theatricals will sell bad beer, and bad beer will sell theatricals. Come, then, the cabinet-maker and the looking-glass manufacturer and build a queer sort of compromise between a theatre and a tavern hall, and let there be long waits between the acts that the exhausted public may have time to refresh. Under the sway of the publican the drama is an odd mélange of poetry, pork-pie (*Watling's*), sentiment, stout, singing, sausages, cream of the valley, Crim Tartars, translations from the French, and superior Old Tom. It is a comedy and a glass of ale for 1s. 2d., or a ham-sandwich and a tragedy for 1s. 4d. The cruel legs of the Old Man of the Sea galled Siabab's neck terribly; but he god rid of him at last; and the jaded drama, down for a moment, but full of vigour and energy as ever, has strength enough to rise from beneath the beer barrels that crush, but cannot, annihilate her.

There are many other varieties of managers, too many for us to be able to give a full and particular account of; many well-meaning, kind-hearted, and honourable gentlemen; the sort of men who require no detailed description, for the good of all classes are alike.

#### THE LIGHT AT THE WINDOW.

In the village street 'tis late midnight,  
But an upper window shows a light,  
Behind the curtains folded white:  
Watchman, what is the gossip, I pray?  
"The young man took him a wife to-day;  
God's over all, and we go our way;  
For folks must love, be born, and die;  
There's a time for all things beneath the sky."

In the village street, in the garden-bed,  
Burn the geraniums, living-red,  
In a chill, moist dawn, with a sky like lead;  
And the window rosily throbs and shines:  
What is it, old man, that your wit divines?  
"A babe; a babe, Sir! I know the signs!  
For folks must love, be born, and die;  
There's a time for all things beneath the sky."

W. B. RANDS.

#### Literature.

*Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D. With Selections from his Journal.* Edited by his Sons, ANDREW REED, B.A.; and CHARLES REED, F.S.A. Strahan and Co.

The name of Andrew Reed is strictly a popular one. The general public, unattached to causes and undevoted to ends, know it in connection with orphan asylums, idiot asylums, Wycliffe Chapel, and a hymn-book, called "The Hymn-book," which is well understood to be the best to take to a strange place of worship (where one does not know what "Selection" is used) on account of its comprehensiveness and its convenient form. Dr. Reed was a Dissenter, and an Independent; but his name was always floating about in the uninclosed spaces of society, and scarcely anybody could have missed it. So that a wide welcome is reasonably anticipated for these memoirs, which have not only great merit as memoirs, but will be found very informing by those who stand outside the great world of Nonconformist activity.

Judged by all the standards which can fairly be applied to men of his order, Dr. Reed must be pronounced to be as striking a specimen, in one kind, as Havelock was in another, of that heroism of activity which is usually found to be nourished by a sharply-defined, concrete faith. Some idea of what his activity produced may be gathered from the passage which we here quote from the latter portion of the volume.

#### BIRTHDAYS.

Dr. Reed had a remarkable memory and regard for days recording special events. He never forgot a birthday in which he had any particular interest. Few persons, however, have been able to present a list of anniversary days such as that in which he half-humorously combines together the names of his children with the different institutions of which also he was the proud fond parent. He arranges them as follows, repeating them at the end of each pocket-book for many years, adding the new institutions as they are founded:

Our own birthdays—November 27th and March 4th.  
Andrew, April 6th.  
Charles, June 20th.  
Elizabeth, December 24th.  
Martin, February 6th.  
Howard, September 25th.  
London Orphan Asylum, July 27th, 1813.  
Infant Orphan Asylum, July 3rd, 1827.  
Hackney Grammar School, July 28th, 1829.  
Wycliffe Chapel, January 21st, 1831.  
East London Savings Bank, July 29th, 1837.  
Asylum for the Fatherless, May, 1844.  
Asylum for Idiots, October 27th, 1847.  
Essex Hall Idiot Asylum, December 26th, 1849.  
Royal Hospital for Incurables, July 31st, 1851.

In one book another extraordinary list of years of voluntary service devoted to various charities is given. Dr. Reed thus presents them in a tabular form:—

To the London Orphan Asylum, devoted 23 years.
Infant Orphan Asylum " 10 "
Fatherless Asylum " 15 "
Idiot Asylum " 12 "
Royal Hospital " 5 "
Grammar School, Hackney " 8 "
Wycliffe Chapel " 28 "
Savings Bank " 24 "
Essex Hall " 9 "

Thus calculated, we find included in the prime of a single life, the close and fruitful labours of 150 years.

All this implies an immense outdoor energy, a clear head, a strong will, a solid sort of good temper, a thoroughly human heart, a vivid practical imagination, a wholesome readiness to trust mankind in masses, and a great deal of kindly caution and self-suppression in dealing with them individually. Dr. Reed had shrewdness enough to make twenty fortunes, if he had chosen to attempt it, and sometimes he showed it in a very amusing way. Once, when disappointed of a chairman for the anniversary of the Hospital for Incurables (with which the name of Charles Dickens is so honourably connected), he took a fancy to the face of Lord Dufferin, as given in the *Illustrated London News*, and indicated him for the chairman. What is more, Lord Dufferin was asked, and came!

Dr. Reed came of a good stock,—that of the "six-foot Reeds," of Maiden Newton, in Dorsetshire. One of his ancestors was a brave

Parliamentarian in the Civil War, and held Poole successfully against the other side. Andrew's father, a watch and clock maker, first met the woman he married (Mary Ann Mullen, an orphan) at the bedside of a sick woman, when he himself was abroad upon an errand of mercy. Mary and Andrew married, and lived in Butcher-row, near Temple Bar, occupying part of Beaumont House, which was the residence of the Duke of Sully in 1603. Here the husband made watches in the garret, while the wife kept a school down stairs, "receiving her pupils in the ample old drawing room, with its ornamental ceiling and polished floor." After the death of three babes, one after the other, this couple had Andrew—on the 27th of November, 1787. Afterwards, other children were born to them; and, notably, Martha—a sister dearly beloved by Andrew, and deeply mourned by him when, in her prime, she died, after having helped him forward in his labours with affectionate zeal.

Andrew Reed learned his father's business, and his sons are yet in possession of watches made by him, which they say keep good time. All his life, indeed, he showed the tastes and habits of a mechanist; and though he must, in any case, have been a philanthropic labourer, he would not, without having a strong constructive turn, have been a builder of asylums. His home training seems to have been curiously wise and tender; and, under the auspices of Matthew Wilks—a name dear to Dissenters—he became a minister, and, eventually, minister of the place of worship which, as rebuilt, was known to us all as Wycliffe Chapel. Of the church meeting on this spot, at the east end of London, he was pastor for fifty years; he was ordained in 1851, and he resigned in 1861.

The general public knows very little of Nonconforming *Churches* (as distinguished from mere nominal Dissenters)—so *very* little that it would actually be impossible, without lending these columns to a suspicion of sectarian advocacy, to follow Dr. Reed with a cordial pen (it might be done with a more cowardly implement than we choose to write with) through the half century of his pastorate, and his labours in behalf of the afflicted—the idiot, the orphan, the poor, the incurably sick. From his standpoint as a minister all his efforts were projected; and as, in carrying them on, he had necessarily to approach and act in concert with men of "Church-and-State" principles, he did something for unsectarian gregariousness, at a time when boundary-lines were drawn more sharply than they are now. Perhaps no man of his day, in the Nonconformist world, did so much as Dr. Reed to help modern Nonconformity to put on the amenities of what is called progress, and lay hold of great national interests. Undeterred by the fear of being abused as a "worldly political Christian," he stood in the very front of the anti-corn-law agitation. At the same time, he always strove to be equitably kind in his manner of dealing with public questions. For instance, he refused to sanction the proposed exclusion of slaveholders from Church-fellowship, although he vehemently condemned slavery. Londoners may be surprised to learn that they were indebted to Dr. Reed for those improved arrangements at London Bridge which a few years ago were made to facilitate the traffic—arrangements which the good Doctor suggested one day to Sir George Carroll.

It is rarely that an active public philanthropist escapes imputation of private ungentleness. But, from the beginning of Dr. Reed's life to the end, from the day when he and his sister Martha took privately the entire charge of an orphan family, to the day when he died, full of years and honours, with the "affairs" of ten thousand of the helpless to bequeath to his successors in the task from which he was called away—no such imputation hovers, ever so remotely, over the image of Dr. Reed. If this raw material had been submitted to us we might have felt bound to analyse it, and trace out (what appears to us to be) the faults of even so good a man; but of these faults we do not see how his sons could speak—and this book is essentially a collection of memoirs, carefully edited and compiled by them—not an analysis of his character, or even of the work he did. It is an account, a statement, from an affectionately intelligent point of view; and of it's kind we do not know a better book. It has a photograph of Mr. Reed, from the bust by Foley, in Wycliffe Chapel.

Dr. Andrew Reed died on the 25th of February, 1862, aged seventy-four. His life was, doubtless, shortened by its consuming activity. In his Diary there is ample proof that he was no more free from internal struggles than any one of us all; and that he had, in particular, an incessant conflict with those forms of self-will and self-indulgence which necessarily beset men whose habit is to form plans and resolutely work upon chalked lines. Energy there must be, or the work will not be done; and how to reconcile this with submission to the Will which constantly works through secondary agencies to the disruption of the best-concerted schemes? The best and most illuminated souls can only struggle after humility in this kind; the spirit in which Dr. Reed kept up the effort is disclosed to us by the extracts given in the present volume.

*Modern France: its Journalism, Literature, and Society.* By A. V. KIRWAN, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Author of the article "France," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; "Ports, arsenals, and Dockyards of France"; and "Military System and Garrisons of France." Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Passing over a long dedication to M. de Montalembert, we come to an "introduction" (a page long), in which Mr. Kirwan, dating from Portman-square, is so good as to inform us that "while rusticking in the country" his "publisher proposed to him to print, in a separate form, several articles of his on France, which had appeared at intervals in the *British Quarterly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the *Reader* newspaper, adding such additional facts as a very recent visit to France afforded to him." He then goes on, "I at once complied with their request, adding a considerable quantity of new matter, thus bringing the information down to the present time." The result is the present book, printed on toned paper, and issued with this little flourish of trumpets.

Well, the volume is as worthless as it is slovenly. It is, from beginning to end, the mere penny-a-line of a well-educated man, who, however, cannot write a sentence that is worth reading. On page 161 we are told that the newspaper called "La France" has few advertisements, and some of these are given in the largest type, at once with the view of pleasing and inviting customers;" and a large portion of the work is made up of equally entertaining matter. As for "bringing the information down to the present time," the account of Béranger speaks of him as still alive! And those articles retain their original form, including all the trumpery little allusions to want of space, and the like.

To what is said concerning Béranger we will be indebted for one or two illustrations of Mr. Kirwan's too-charming manner. "The history of De Béranger," says Mr. Kirwan, "is a curious one; and we may be pardoned, notwithstanding the limited space within which we are confined, for entering a little into detail." Certainly, Mr. Kirwan, we like to have curious things in detail; and we shall all admit that your first "detail" about Béranger is a curious one. Here it is:—"Like Molière and others of the greatest geniuses of France, he was born, seventy-four years ago, in Paris, in the house of his father and old grandfather, an honest tailor of the Rue Montorgueil." After this, one clearly understands how it is that Mr. Kirwan is so much employed in writing about France; it's the depth of his knowledge that does it. Not one of us all, we will be bound, had the remotest idea, until he read this sentence, that Molière and others of the greatest geniuses of France were born seventy-four years ago, over a tailor's shop in Paris. But such is Mr. Kirwan's information, brought down to the latest time; and, considering that he writes in such superior journals, and knows "my dear M. de Montalembert," we do not dare to contradict. On the contrary, we will ask him for more curious details. On page 320 we are told that Béranger is "familiarly described," in 1816, as walking, after dinner, "in a small, square garden, large as a man's hand"—which is pretty translation; and that his "sixty-six years had now arrived, by efflux of time, at seventy-four." Now, here we have another curious detail. That a man of sixty-six should become a man of seventy-four, if he did not die first, is

in the course of nature; but what can be more interesting than the addition that this occurred "by efflux of time?"

Briefly, Mr. Kirwan's writing is, for the writing of an educated man, the most egregious penny-a-line we ever looked at. It does not mend matters that Mr. Kirwan talks abusively of the claims of journalists to the recognition of the Government, and, every now and then, drops into spiteful personalities of the most inane kind. Such *malibris impotens* of invective is, in fact, very seldom seen. On page 91 (for a single instance) it is made a subject of complaint that the late Mr. Barnes (of the *Times*) "was never a privy councillor, never was a Minister, in a country which has had a Knatchbull, a Lincoln, and a Spring Rice in the Cabinet, and an Addington, a Goderich, and a Peel for Prime Ministers." To the text is appended an ill-natured reference to Mr. Mulher Gibson, with a grumble because Mr. Rosebuck (of all men in the world) has never been put into office! The author appears to have a special dislike to Sir Robert Peel and the Peelites, and Mr. Gladstone is mentioned in the most slighting way. Indeed, we find that Mr. Kirwan has neither talent, nor magnanimity, nor discretion enough to keep down his weaknesses. We are, therefore, not particularly pleased to learn that "shortly will be published, by the same author, 'Essays Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous.'" If these "Essays" reach our hands we will look into them; but we feel justified in saying that the man who once produced and who now reproduces these papers, never did and never will write a line that is worth reading, for the sake of either its matter or its manner.

We can well understand that some of our readers may ask how it is that such a writer has obtained such credentials. Candidly, we don't know; we haven't the remotest idea. But the phenomenon is a common one. Of course, such a writer may have his value in the journalism of the hour; but of all the men we ever knew of the class we have in our mind, Mr. Kirwan seems to us the most extraordinarily bad specimen.

One sentence more. Lest Mr. Kirwan should suppose that we dislike his style because it is wanting in certain qualities which he justly condemns (on a page to which we have lost our reference), we make haste to assure him that we heartily share his hatred of the imitative modernisms to which he points. But, in rejecting false strength, a style need not become feeble and commonplace. And if we are asked which we would rather have, the gooseberry champagne of a certain school or the water-gruel of Mr. Kirwan, we say candidly—Neither.

#### TWO STRANGE STORIES.

*John Marchmont's Legacy.* By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.  
*The Pirates of the Foam.* By C. F. ARMSTRONG, Author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

Just as it is with rats, "there be land pirates and water pirates," and the kindly season has given us two novels respectively concerning each.

The story of Mary Marchmont, the "Legacy" of John Marchmont to Edward Arundel, has already been published in the pages of *Temple Bar*, and therefore it may be concluded that the majority of readers know all about it, and that the minority can claim no decided account of the plot, incident by incident. A little commentary, then, for the benefit of all parties concerned, may fairly be ventured. The vigour of Miss Braddon's invention and style may be measured and judged from the fact that in her three chief works she has worked upon exactly the same idea—not that there is invention in that repetition, but that it consists in the scenes, incidents, and characters, which are as fresh in the third novel as in the first, and attractive throughout despite the similarity of peg upon which everything hangs. The religious painter in "Browning" grew tired of the monotony of

Those endless cloisters and eternal aisles,  
And that same series—Virgin, Babe, and Saint,  
With the same cold, calm, beauteous regard;

and the day may come when Miss Braddon herself may gape at her fine, generous men, and powerful, restless women. But at present, however, there is more prospect of such fatigue at the bucket than of exhaustion of the fount. Olivia Marchmont and Edward Arundel are fully as strong and interesting as Lady Audley and Robert Audley; whilst, at the same time, it is curious to see how similar are all the events between them, and, as before, how close the relationship amongst nearly all the family. Lady Audley was in antagonism with her husband's nephew, and Mrs. Marchmont comes into collision with her stepdaughter and her husband. There is attempted murder in the one case, concealment in the other. Mrs. Marchmont experiences some kind of emotion at the last, which is more like vengeance than repentance; and Lady Audley does not, but both are supposed to become more or less lunatics, and in other points the resemblance is very striking. Yet, we repeat, the memory of the old story does not interfere with the interest in the new; and that must be regarded as high evidence in proof of the power in art of the writer. For the rest, it is worth while to see how old material is again shifted and rearranged. Lady Audley and Miss Aurora Floyd were accommodated with two husbands apiece without all the world having a chance of making a fuss about it at first; now, in the Marchmont book, Captain Edward Arundel is allowed to have a couple of wives, all in good time, of his own selection, and all the world looking on and envying.

We have not touched upon the piratical interest of the work; but it is only fair to say that it is as skilfully managed as need be, when it is evident that the secret is to be plain as daylight to the reader. The character of Paul is drawn well, and the latter half of the book, relating to Edward, full of vigorous and natural writing.

"The Pirates of the Foam" is a book of bloodshed. There must be, in round numbers, some two hundred and fifty deaths before the reader is allowed to put on his hatband and laugh at the conclusion of the last chapter. The moral might be described as "too bad" or "too good," which comes to precisely the same thing; or "coming it too strong" might be said of it by not over-fastidious people. The hero, Arthur Bolton, commences life by being "exposed" on the beach at Ramsgate. He is then rescued by a benevolent old lady, but is turned adrift when a young man by the intestate death of his benefactress. However, he is handsome and well educated, and goes to London to make his way in the world. In the train he is robbed of everything, which is the more annoying and astonishing because at the period of the book there was no such thing as a railway in the country. [At the commencement the hero is mentioned as having been born in 1826, which might make the period 1846; but subsequently distinct allusion is made to "forty years ago." Atlantic Ocean steamers are also liberally put on for the use of Mr. Armstrong's characters.] Next, he is kidnapped and put on board the "Foam," evidently by his legitimate father, a Baronet, who wishes to get rid of six feet of evidence of bigamy. They are bound for Jamaica, and Arthur immediately falls in love with a young lady passenger, Miss Alice Marchmont, and saves her and her mother when the crew mutiny, and all but one ruffian are killed or drowned in a storm. The lady survivors and the hero, together with a comic Irish cabin-boy, thus have three volumes of adventure which defy description. Mexicans, Indians of many kinds, Canadian backwoodsmen, together with many European ruffians, are momentarily conspiring to murder Arthur; but, although his body is gashed all over with bowie-knives, riddled with shot, and his head hammered with full Nasmyth power, nothing can kill him; but he returns with the mystery of his birth cleared up, to succeed to his father's title, to be loved by all his family, and to marry Alice Marchmont. There is enough. It would be idle to treat such a system of novel writing with any seriousness. Such a medley of inconsistencies, coincidences, improbabilities, and impossibilities never before made author vain enough to write, publisher blind enough to print, or reader too angry to sleep.

A TROUT HAS LIVED IN A WELL of the farm of Alton, Inverness-shire, for thirty years. The trout, when put there thirty years ago, was of an ordinary size; now it is about a foot long and corresponding thickness, and much resembles a mackerel.



## THE BURLESQUES AND PANTOMIMES.

We have already given an account of the Christmas entertainments at the principal London theatres, and have published Engravings of the most striking scenes in some of the burlesques and pantomimes. We conclude our notice this week with a group of Illustrations, which want of space compelled us to omit from our previous description.

## A RELIC OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

If for no other reason than its connection with the memory of Lord Byron, Newstead Abbey would be an interesting building to most Englishmen. It has, however, a reputation of its own, as one of the finest ruins in England, if not in the world.

Our Engraving represents one of those works of ancient art which belongs especially to the period when the Abbey was in its prime. It is a knocker, or, as it was then called, a *porte marteau*, of Venetian workmanship of the best period, of the Cinque Cento or fifteenth century, and belonged to one of the exterior doors of the abbey. In beauty of composition, fine modelling, and perfect execution, it is probably one of the rarest and most valuable examples of this branch of art.

This *porte marteau*, which measures 25 in. by 21 in., is composed of bronze, and appears, from some indications plainly discoverable by accustomed eyes, to have been produced by an ancient process known as "Cire perdue," by which a wax model used for the casting was so melted by the hot metal being poured into it that it was destroyed for all purposes of future casting, and the impression thus became unique.

For our Engraving of this beautiful example of art-workmanship we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. Phillips, of Cockspur-street.

## TWELFTH NIGHT IN MADRID.

WE are able to publish this week a scene from Spanish life which is perhaps one of the most striking that can be witnessed even in the good city of Madrid. Here in England we are accustomed to regard Twelfth Night as a social anniversary, with all the accompanying pleasures of



BRONZE KNOCKER OF THE CINQUE-CENTO PERIOD, FROM A DOORWAY AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

rich plumcake, juvenile games, and "drawing for characters;" but in Madrid the festival is a more boisterous and public occasion.

Immediately on the stroke of seven o'clock, or a little after twilight, the cafés and the shops for the sale of toys and trinkets are ablaze with light, every other establishment being closed, and even the loungers and that portion of the population which haunts the porticos of public buildings and the corners where there are pillars to lean against, have deserted their wonted stations. The "day of Kings," indeed, is especially the fête of all the humbler sort of people in the city — the provincials from Asturia and Galicia who come to the capital to minister to the daily wants of the people, as water-carriers, hawkers, and other occupations, being amply represented in every street.

On this holiday, then, the traveller sees the great thoroughfares and the principal squares occupied by groups of men, their faces grotesquely disfigured with charcoal or daubed with flour, and their dress sewed all over with shreds and patches. When several bands of these fellows have collected, they disperse in companies, occupying the principal positions from one end of Madrid to the other, from the street of Aquila to that of Palma, or from St. Juan to Cuesta-de-la-Vega. When once darkness comes over the city they sally forth, armed with bells and goats' horns, which make a hideous clamour, while the most intrepid of the company bear ladders and lighted torches. In this way they rush through the principal thoroughfares, stopping, however, at every wine-shop to claim the polite attentions of the landlord, which are certainly necessary, since their cries and shouts are so throat-parching that the very dogs, who howl in chorus, are ultimately vanquished, and refrain from barking in the sheer impossibility of making themselves heard.

Wise people are up and stirring, for sleep becomes impossible, and the spectacle of a roaring figure, standing on a ladder and waving a glaring torch before your bedroom window, is scarcely likely to promote personal comfort. The origin of this wild procession seems to have been a sort of semi-religious ceremony, for at every fresh halting-place one of



TWELFTH NIGHT IN THE STREETS OF MADRID.

the wild figures on a ladder affects to be looking out to a great distance, upon which he is asked, "By which gate do these wise men (the Kings and magi who came to offer gifts) enter the city?" He then replies, naming one of the gates of Madrid, and the dialogue continues until it is drowned in fresh uproar, and the laughing, struggling, and fighting crowd sweep on to another street. Till three o'clock in the morning these scenes continue; and at that hour the charcoal-burners, the sellers of melons, and all the rest of these wild vagabonds, either seek their lodgings (often under some sheltering doorway) or adjourn to the nearest wine-shop, to wait for their next day's work.

#### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

DURING the first few weeks after Christmas there is usually a complete lull in the musical doings of the metropolis. There are, nevertheless, one or two events which deserve some record. An operetta has been produced at the Royal English Opera which is doubly recommended—in the first place, by its own intrinsic merits; and, in the second, by the charm that attaches to the first work of a young composer. Mr. W. C. Levey, the author of "Fanchette," evidently possesses decided talent for dramatic composition, and we are justified in expecting that he will enrich our national stage with some more ambitious work. In the mean time, we may accept his *coup d'essai* as a pleasant instalment of many comic operas to come. The book of "Fanchette" is from the practised pen of Mr. Maddison Morton, and is, in fact, a *rechauffé* of an amusing farce of his own, called "The Trumpeter's Wedding," brought out at the Haymarket for Miss P. Horton and Keeley many years ago. The action takes place in La Vendée during the Reign of Terror, and the period gives good opportunity for scenic illustration. Fanchette, the heroine, is a sprightly little blanchisseuse, who, in order to save a Royalist nobleman pursued by his enemies, represents him to be her lover, and is not only forced to go through the ceremony of marriage with the wrong man, but is almost forced into sending the real Simon Pure to the scaffold. The fall of the Republic occurs, however, just in time to save him from the catastrophe, and all ends happily. In the gay, sprightly, and sparkling music which abounds in the operetta, Mr. Levey has been particularly successful. The best number of the work is an exceedingly clever trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, "My uncle here," which is conducted with much variety of effect and great skill. A quartet, too, "Pie for shame, Sir!" evinces a decided talent for dramatic effect. The Balfian ballad for the tenor, "The true-love knot," is not so much to our taste, but it was loudly encored; and the same compliment was more deservedly paid to a soprano ballad with flute obbligato, "How sad all nature!" most charmingly rendered by Miss Louisa Pyne, who, by-the-way, enacted the part of Fanchette with remarkable spirit and vivacity. Mr. Harrison is well suited in the part of the Royalist Marquis, and Mr. H. Corri raised much merriment by his grotesque impersonation of a cowardly old Mayor. The work is very cleverly served throughout, and Mr. Levey may be congratulated on having achieved a genuine success.

Mdme. Goldschmidt, née Jenny Lind, has again appeared at Exeter Hall in oratorio, and, as the performance was for the sake of charity, we cannot but render her due acknowledgment for her benevolent intentions; at the same time, we are bound to add that the fatally-exaggerated style of singing which she now adopts is utterly unsuited to sacred music. On the other hand, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby's magnificent rendering of all the contralto music in "The Messiah" on the occasion under notice demands unreserved praise. The hall was crowded, and the general performance, under the guidance of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, was excellent.

A STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, erected in front of Trinity College, Dublin, was inaugurated by Lord Carlisle on Tuesday. A statue of Moore already occupied a place in the court of Trinity College, and it is now proposed to complete the trio by raising one of Edmund Burke.

ACCIDENT AT A MENAGERIE.—A little girl, about thirteen years of age, incautiously ventured near the cage of a lioness, in a menagerie at Kingsland, on Saturday night last. The animal caught her in its claws, and severely injured her on one side of the head and one of her arms. There seems to have been fair precautions taken to prevent accidents by the proprietor of the menagerie; but how the friends of the child left her to herself in such a dangerous place is not explained.

EVIDENCE "BEFORE COMMITTEE"—It is much harder to obtain information than some people may think: the most don't know anything, and those who do don't say what they know. Here is a real episode from the history of an inquiry, which took place four or five years ago, into the desirability of making a new line of railway on the Border. A witness was giving what is called "traffic evidence," in justification of the alleged need of the railway, and this is what occurred:—Mr. Brown (the cross-examining counsel for the opponents of the new line) Do you mean to tell the Committee that you ever saw an inhabited house in that valley?—Witness: Yes, I do. Mr. Brown: Did you ever see a vehicle there in all your life?—Witness: Yes, I did. Mr. Brown: Very good. Some other questions were put, which led to nothing particular; but just as the witness, a Scotchman, was leaving the box, the learned gentleman put one more question.—Q. I am instructed to ask you if the vehicle you saw was not the hearse of the last inhabitant?—A. It was.—Cornhill Magazine.

COPE'S CHRISTMAS DANCE.—Liverpool people are still indulging in pleasant recollections of the entertainment given by Messrs. Cope to their workpeople, in St. George's Hall, on New-Year's Eve. This annual gathering, comprising the employés and their friends, and including the young women engaged in the cigar factory, and which is popularly known as "Cope's Christmas Dance," has been one of the most brilliant affairs of the Liverpool season. The hall was quite gay with all sorts of devices and decorations, and a capital band played dance music composed specially for the occasion. Amongst the amusements were songs by the "Ebony Minstrels," and the recitation of an ode by Mr. Cowper, the leading tragedian; but the great feature of the entertainment was the production of a pageant representing the departure of the Old and the welcome of the New Year, the former being represented as an old man in the garb of Time, who walked feebly towards a splendid tent, occupying a raised aisle at one end of the hall. From this tent the "New Year," in the guise of a brilliant little fairy, came forth as the bell struck twelve, and, proceeding to a chariot, was drawn in triumph through the hall, followed by a picturesque procession of masks. Another wonderful interlude was the appearance of a gigantic Christmas tree, filled with real, substantial gifts, some of them of the most extravagant nature, including the representatives of a real live gorilla and a young alligator, the former of which fell, by special arrangement, to the Clown, and at once chased him round the building. These and other festivities, kept up with unflagging spirit, carried on the revelry till morning; so it is scarcely necessary to say that "Cope's Dance" is an event of some importance, and that most of the notabilities of Liverpool were amongst the guests.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi.—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £177 11s. were presented to the crews of various life-boats of the institution for saving one hundred and ninety-eight lives during the storms of the past month. The silver medal of the institution was also voted to Mr. William Cubitt, of Bacton Abbey, Norfolk, in admiration of his gallant conduct in putting off in the Bacton life-boat of the society, and aiding to rescue during the recent storms twenty-two persons from the barque *Ina*, of North Shields, and the brigantine *Ellen*, of Jersey. The silver medal was likewise presented to Isaac Jerman, coxswain of the *Ramsgate* life-boat, in testimony of his noble conduct in rescuing during the recent storms one hundred and twenty lives from the emigrant ship *Fusilier*, of London, and from the barque *Demerara*, of Greenock. The silver medal of the institution was likewise given to James Cantish, coxswain of the *Lytham* life-boat, for his general gallant conduct in the life-boat in assisting to save a large number of persons from different shipwrecks. The silver medal was also voted to Lieutenant Kennedy, R.N., of the Coast Guard, in acknowledgement of his intrepidity in saving life from wrecks on the Irish coast. Rewards amounting to £51 5s. were likewise granted to the crews of shore-boats and other persons for rescuing during the recent storms fifty-six lives from wrecks, making a total of 374 lives saved during those gales. It was reported that Lady Cunningham Fairlie and E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A., F.R.S., had presented to the institution the cost of two life-boats. Joseph Leather, Esq., of Fairfield Mount, had also promised to defray the cost of two boats. Lady Cotton Sheppard had presented £250 to the institution, £50 of which sum she had collected from her friends and others to defray the cost of an additional life-boat for the Carnarvonshire coast. Lady Cotton Sheppard had previously given to the society the cost of two life-boats. W. N. Rudge, Esq., had also collected upwards of £550 on the London Stock Exchange for the institution. During the past month the Society had sent new life-boats to Fembrey, Eastbourne, and to Arlows, and eight other life-boats were ordered to be built forthwith. Payments amounting to £1420 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I have often thought I would say a word to call the attention of candid readers of newspapers and magazines (especially to the pitfalls of misconception over which they have to pass, and the attention of reviewers and other public writers to the risk of error which they incur by jumping at other people's meanings. When a reviewer, or political or social critic, comes upon an expression of opinion which startles him, from another man who is not quite a fool, what should he do? Clearly, he should pause, and ask himself if he may not have mistaken the meaning.

In the course of the week I see, like other people, no end of leading articles, reviews, and essays in the journals and magazines; and I am quite sure that if I were to note down and print a short comment on every case which I see of misconception from jumping at people's meanings, I should quite fill a number of this Journal. The *Reader* is a generous, able, conscientious, carefully-written paper. I should think it is the fairest and most conscientious of the whole lot. Mr. J. Llewellyn Davies is a careful, generous thinker, whose words I have watched for many years; and who can well afford to bear the brunt of a sentence of criticism. Moreover, the article by him about Theodore Parker, in last week's *Reader*, is singularly generous and fair, considering that it is written by a Churchman. Yet it is from that very article that I am going to choose an instance to illustrate my meaning. Here it is. It is Mr. Davies who speaks:—"As a specimen of justness of appreciation, take this on mysticism from the interesting autobiographical letter to his congregation." Then comes his quotation from Theodore Parker, who wrote:—"The delicate and refined woman develops the sentiment of religion in her consciousness; surrounded by wealth, and seduced by its charms, she reads the more unpractical parts of the Bible, especially the Johannic writings, the Song of Solomon, and the more sentimental portions of the Psalms; studies Thomas à Kempis, Guyon, Fénelon, William Law, Keble; pores over the mystic meditations of St. Augustine and St. Bernard, &c. In his *Pare aux Cerfs*, Louis XV. trained his maiden victims to this form of devotion!"

Now comes the criticism of the *Reader*:—"The philosopher who could imagine a woman seduced by the charms of wealth to the study of St. John might also confound Louis XV's catechisings with the mysticism of a Guyon or a Fénelon."

Now, the question I ask is this:—How could any human being suspect a man like Theodore Parker of such egregious rubbish? If my *first* thought was that that was the meaning, surely my *second* thought should be, "No, it cannot be; for no man could intend to say anything so silly."

And, in truth, the *Reader* has mistaken the meaning. Writing in his usual rough, elliptical way, what Parker meant was, "Although surrounded by wealth, and although seduced by its charms, she reads"—and so on. Suppose I had said of Charles I.—"Surrounded by sensual pleasure, and seduced by its charms, he plays at quoits," nobody would imagine (I hope) that I meant to say the man's looseness of life led to his being a quoit-player. My intention was to place the two things in contrast, not to make them cause and consequence (though there might be a connection). Mr. Parker intended to say—The delicate and refined woman, being physically over-cultivated, and being shut up from the teaching of the hard facts of life, becomes (if devout at all) introspectively devout, and reads chiefly books of introspective or sentimental devotion.

What, then, becomes of the joke about "the philosopher who could imagine a woman seduced by the charms of wealth to the study of St. John?" He disappears; there never was such a philosopher; never could have been.

I do not go into the question of those "catechisings" if I did I should have to fill two columns. But there, also, I could show that Mr. Parker's meaning was quite unimpeachable—nay, not even open to dispute.

Do not let me be mistaken. I have a deep and serious respect for the *Reader* and for the writer who signs this article. I do not select this little case of misconception, I take it as it comes. I could take half a dozen any week from the *Saturday Review* or the *Athenaeum*; or any day from the *Times* or the *Daily News*. I am sorry to say, indeed, such matters occupy too much of my time. But, after all, what is more important than to know the truth? Mr. Tennyson has just been down upon "indolent reviewers" with the petulance of a schoolboy. Let us all—my brethren and I—repel the slander by taking pains; and there is no more important part of our duty than to be sure we have got hold of a man's meaning before we either praise or blame him.

#### THE LATE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MR. JAMES HANNAY (himself a novelist and satirist of distinguished power) has written an admirable sketch of Mr. Thackeray's career in the *Edinburgh Courant*, the following extract from which will be read with great interest:—

When Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair," in 1846-47-48, he was living in Young-street, Kensington—a street on your left hand, before you come to the church; and here, in 1848, the author of this sketch had first the pleasure of seeing him, of being received at his table, and of knowing how essentially a kind, humane, and perfectly honest man he was. "Vanity Fair" was then unfinished, but its success was made, and he spoke frankly and genially of his work and his career. "Vanity Fair" always, we think, ranked in its own mind as best in story of his greater books; and he once pointed out to us the very house in Russell-square where his imaginary Sedley lived—a curious proof of the reality his creations had for his mind. Thackeray was not bookish, and yet turned readily to the subject of books if invited. His reading was undoubtedly large, and, taken in conjunction with his scholarship, probably placed him, as a man of letters, above any other novelist, except Sir Bulwer Lytton. Here is a characteristic fragment from one of his letters, written in August, 1854, and now before us:—"I hate Juvenal," he says. "I mean I think him a truculent brute, and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred, and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones." His favourite authors were just those whose influence, he thought, had been beneficial to the cause of virtue and charity. "I take off my hat to Joseph Addison," he would say, after an energetic testimony to his good effect on English life. In private, this great satirist, whose aspect in a crowd was often one of austere politeness and reserve, unbent into a familiar naïveté which somehow one seldom finds in the demonstratively genial. When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in "Vanity Fair," in which Becky "admires" her husband when he is giving Lord Steyne the chastisement which ruins her for life, "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said 'that is a touch of genius!'" The incident is a trifle, but it will reveal, we suspect, an element of fervour, as well as a heartiness of frankness in recording the fervour, both equally at variance with the vulgar conception of him. Though he said witty things now and then, he was not a wit in the sense in which Jorrold was, and he complained sometimes that his best things occurred to him after the occasion had gone by! He shone most—as in his books—in little subtle remarks on life, and little descriptive sketches suggested by the talk. We remember, in particular, one evening, after a dinner party at his house, a fancy picture he drew of Shakespeare, during his last years at Stratford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people, which all who heard it, brief as it was, thought equal to the best things in his Lectures. One point of likeness to him in Scott was that he never over-valued story-telling, or forgot that there were nobler things in literature than the purest creations of which the object was amusement. "I would give half my fame," wrote Scott, "if by so doing I could place the other half on a solid basis of science and learning." "Now is the time," wrote Thackeray to a young friend in 1849, "to lay in stock. I wish I had had five years' reading before I took to our trade." How heartily we have heard him praise Sir Bulwer Lytton for the good example he set by being "thoroughly literate!" We are not going to trench here on any such ground as Thackeray's judgments about his contemporaries. But we may notice an excellent point bearing on these. If he heard a young fellow expressing great admiration for one of them he encouraged him in it. When somebody was mentioned as worshipping an eminent man just dead, "I am glad," said Thackeray, "that he worships anybody."

SIR WILLIAM HALL GAGE, G.C.B., G.C.H., senior Admiral of the Fleet, died on Tuesday at his country seat in Norfolk, in his eighty-seventh year.

#### A TERRIBLE ROMANCE.

A CONTEMPORARY vouches for the truth of the following extraordinary story:—

The scene lies near the town of Albuquerque, in that part of Federal America styled New Mexico. The date at which the interest of the narrative begins is Aug. 15, 1862; but the ultimate development of the plot was only a few weeks ago revealed, and even now one chief actor in the drama has not been finally disposed of. On the day indicated the corpse of a beautiful boy, between nine and ten years of age, was discovered floating in the water at the bottom of an abandoned mine, at a lonely spot some distance from the inhabited neighbourhood. There were marks on the body, which might have been injuries sustained from the jagged sides of the shaft, or wounds inflicted by violence. At all events, the local functionary who styles himself Coroner, resolved to hold an inquest. The facts proved were these:—That the child was found dead in the abyss of the mine; that its remains were strangely bruised and cut, though in no way mortally; that no infantine footprints were traced to the edge of the sepulchre; but that other footprints were. There were deep prints of a man's foot, studded on the soles with heavy nails, such as are worn by the common people of the locality; there were marks of another foot, incased only in a stocking. A curious fact was that every time these vestiges were identified the foot in the stocking appeared to have been invariably the left, while the booted foot changed alternately from left to right. But, although no child's wanderings were traceable around the desolate pit-mouth, a little fishing-rod was found broken among the rocks. In spite, however, of these suspicious circumstances, and the untraversable aspect of the hurts upon the body, it was deemed impossible to record any other verdict than to the effect that the corpse of the boy had been found drowned, without any means possessed by the jury of ascertaining how or whether the death had been accidental or criminal.

But then arose another question—what was the child? He was the son of a man named O'Meara, an Irish emigrant, and none could surmise or in any way suggest why the boy had been murdered; although, in spite of the verdict, all agreed in believing that foul play had been at work. They preferred the evidence of the footprints to the conclusions of the medical men. The poor little fellow had been generally liked, and loved by all his family. His parents were not known to have excited any enmities which would reach them in that secluded district; but in this instance it was destined that murder should "out," and a scrap of O'Meara's biography gave the clue. Years before he had courted and married a young girl, who had rejected, or jilted, or both, one Patrick Logan, who thereupon vowed an inapplicable vengeance against his triumphant rival. When O'Meara emigrated Logan emigrated also. Logan followed O'Meara to Albuquerque, muttering still his vindictive declarations; but, being involved on a charge of horse-stealing, he was compelled to leave the country, and had not, in August, 1862, been heard of for ten years. It is now necessary, perhaps, to remember that we are not reading a novel, but the report of a criminal trial in our own days. The man's jealous fury kept alive during those ten years; it brought him back at their expiration, at the risk of discovery, to the spot inhabited by his old foe; and when he was seen in the neighbourhood, O'Meara's favourite son suddenly disappeared.

Several months elapsed, when O'Meara presented himself before a magistrate at Albuquerque, bringing with him a labouring man named Antonio Gomez. Upon the statements of this witness the police arrested Patrick Logan. Several months ago the trial took place, and Antonio Gomez gave his evidence. On the 14th of August, 1862, he was near the deserted mine, about a mile from O'Meara's house. He saw a man stooping in the midst of a wild and dreary heath, throwing large stones into a wide, dark aperture, and heard him shouting, with fearful curses, "Will you never go to the bottom?" The man, upon perceiving him, turned his back, when Gomez said, "Well, my friend, what excites you?" Logan, without facing him, answered that he was drowning a dog who had bitten him, and then walked rapidly away across the moorland. Presently, doubling upon the heath, he turned, and the witness recognised Patrick Logan. He had no shoes on—only stockings, and he carried one boot under his left arm. Corroborative testimony was produced. John Smith, a shoemaker, deposed that he well knew Patrick Logan; that he saw him on the day named near the abandoned shaft; that he himself was carrying home a pair of boots for repair; that Logan complained of having lost a shoe, and seized those which the cobbler carried, but, flinging them too small, uttered an angry exclamation, he laid a ditch, and ran away over the waste land. Upon this, and an immense mass of other testimony, including a minute measurement of the footprints, the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was condemned to be hanged on Friday, the 16th of last October. O'Meara had watched the trial with intense anxiety, every now and then muttering, when doubts were expressed as to the result, "Acquitted or not his life is mine, and I will have it." But during the three months intervening between condemnation and execution, rumours went abroad of a great secessionist conspiracy in New Mexico—probably a fabrication of the convict himself. He pretended to be an agent of the plot, to be acquainted with its leaders, and to possess secrets which would be invaluable to the Federal authorities. They listened to his story, granted him a respite for fourteen days, and commenced an inquiry into the truth of his statements, which, in all likelihood, were sufficiently malignant and reckless. The 30th of October arrived, and there was no further reprieve. Patrick Logan passed the night in paroxysms of agony. A scaffold had been erected outside the principal gate of the town. The condemned had mounted its steps, and stood beneath the cross beam, when the pardon reached the prison and was telegraphed to the marshal, who instantly threw down his wand of office as a signal that the work of death was not to proceed. Patrick Logan was eager to quit the scaffold, and swiftly ran down the steps. Before he reached the bottom he fell dead—shot through the brain, and O'Meara was seen struggling through the multitude, which parted and closed again to facilitate his escape, and, according to the local journals, the assassin has not since been heard of. Here we have a remarkable phase of New World civilisation and of Old World passions exhibited. It is a strange history, but authentic.

THE CHURCHWARDEN of a church in the mineral district of Derbyshire was standing in the churchyard, waiting the arrival of his brother warden to assist in the distribution of a dole of bread to the poor of the village, when the incumbent came up and an angry discussion took place. From words the disputants came to blows, the clergyman attacking his churchwarden in regular "scientific" style.

LOSS OF A LARGE SHIP AND ALL ON BOARD.—The particulars of the loss of the barque Clifton, Captain Johnstone, bound from Sunderland for Madras, with a cargo of coals, coke, &c., have been received. The vessel sailed from Sunderland towards the end of last November, but never cleared the Channel. She was caught in the gales that ravaged our coasts about the beginning of last month, and was driven over to the Dutch coast, where her remains, with those of many other goodly barques, are now strewing the coast at the mouth of the Texel. There were no fewer than thirty-five persons on board the Clifton, and not a soul is known to have survived.

THE WEATHER.—For several days past we have had intense frost. Of course, with the appearance of ice, skaters and sliders have come out in numbers. In the parks in London the ornamental water-holes had numerous visitors, and in many cases over-venturous individuals have got a cold bath. Nothing more than a wetting has, however, yet happened to any one. In Lancashire, unfortunately, there have been more serious results of going on to ice. Near Over Darwen no less than six boys have been drowned.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THRIFT.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been speaking to working men at Buckley, Flintshire. In the course of an admirable speech he descended on the advantages of reading-rooms, and enforced the necessity of thrifty habits. The latter part of the subject led him to speak at length on the Post Office savings banks. He pointed out their great utility, and the convenience which they afforded to working men to store up their savings with perfect security. He particularly advised his hearers to take advantage of all means of practising thrift, which, he said, was more characteristic of the French and the Scotch than of the English.

INCREASE OF THE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.—There has lately been published, by order of Government, a very curious return, called an "Abstract of Grants for Miscellaneous Services during each Year from 1835 to 1863, both inclusive." The return is well classified. Class I. is for Public Works and Buildings, and the expenditure under this head has risen from £182,497 in 1835 to £396,123 in this present year. Class II. is for Salaries, &c., Public Departments, and it has risen from £591,177 to £1,490,887. Class III. is for Law and Justice, and it has risen from £494,796 to £2,750,341. Class IV. is for Education, Science, and Art, and it has risen from £135,130 to £1,886,417. Class V. is for Colonial and Consular Services, and it has risen from £426,957 to £611,356. Class VI. is for Superannuation and Charities, and it has risen from £162,968 to £327,646. Class VII. is for Special and Temporary Objects, and it has not risen, for it was £269,657 in 1835, and it is only £248,470 in 1863. Civil Contingencies stood for £130,000 in 1835, and after standing many years at £160,000 have finally disappeared. The total of the eight heads was £2,893,182 in 1835, and this year is £7,805,277, which is considerably over three times as much. But it is evidently vain to complain of a development which has occupied a whole generation to work out. If it proves anything besides the growing needs and growing susceptibilities of a growing population and a growing empire, it shows that a Legislature does not become more thrifty by being popularised, and that the many have their expenses as well as the few. No doubt all the social changes which poors and even Republicans deplore have advanced much more rapidly since the new law was introduced into Parliament. Men with fortunes made by trade, or in the more exciting path of irregular speculation, have proved themselves not more careful of the public purse than the old landowners with nothing but their rents, their settlements, and their savings in the safe Three per Cent. Thirty years ago saucy young squires were taunting Joseph Hume with his attempts to shave down by slow degrees the "tote of the whole;" but the generation which has succeeded cares not for cheapskates, and regards totals as naturally increasing quantities. The enormous sums involved in railways and in private speculations have corrupted the public economist. A Parliament of millionaires has "altogether broken the yoke and burst the bonds."



VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S "DREAMLAND."  
SLUMBER, MINE OWN! This popular  
Song may be had in G or E flat, price 5s. 6d.  
METZLER and CO., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S "DREAMLAND."  
DREAMS OF THOSE WHO LOVE ME.  
The popular Baritone or Contralto Song. Price 2s. 6d.  
METZLER and CO., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

M DME. OURY'S ADESTE FIDELES.  
An effective arrangement for the Piano of this popular  
Christmas Hymn.—Price 3s.  
METZLER and CO., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

H ALF PRICE.—All Music sent post-free at  
half the published price.  
FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

In 1 vol., post 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

T HE TIGER PRINCE; or, Adventures in  
the Wilds of Abyssinia. By WILLIAM DALTON.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

In 1 vol., post 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.  
SCENES from the DRAMA of EUROPEAN  
HISTORY. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

Dedicated, by special permission, to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.  
In crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

C ITHARA: Lyrical Poems, Old and New.  
By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

In 12mo, on tinted paper, cloth, price 5s.  
L OTTIE L O N S D A L E ;  
or, the Chain and its Links.  
By E M M A J. WORBOISE.  
Author of "Millie's 'Married Life,'" &c.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

In 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.  
T W I C E L O S T .  
A Novel, in One Volume.  
By the Author of "Story of a Family," "Queen Isabel," &c.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

F oop 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth, lettered.  
N AOMI; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem.  
By Mrs. J. B. WEBB. New Edition, with designs by Gilbert,  
and View and Plan of Jerusalem.  
VIRTUE BROTHERS and CO., 1, Amen-corner.

T HE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE and the TALES  
SHE TELLS THE SULTAN. See DALZIELS' ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS. One Penny Weekly. Sold  
everywhere.

R EAD DALZIELS' ARABIAN NIGHTS.  
Rich in fun, wonderful in adventure, marvellous in interest,  
with splendid pictures.  
Now publishing in 1d. Numbers. Sold everywhere.

J. GILBERT begs respectfully to inform his  
Friends and the Public generally that he has added to his  
business a SHOWROOM for MAPS, ATLASSES, and GLOBES.  
His Showroom, containing Books, Prayers, Church Services,  
and a great variety of suitable Books for Presents, as well as  
a good selection of Standard Literature, will be carried on as  
usual. Catalogues gratis and post-free.—London: J. GILBERT, 18  
and 19, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

F oop 8vo, 230 pp., cloth lettered, 3s., free by post.  
V EGETARIAN COOKERY.  
"Cook needs it."—Spectator.  
London: F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster-row, E.C.

N OW READY.  
Price One Shilling, beautifully Printed in Colours.

T HE ILLUSTRATED LONDON  
ALMANACK for 1864.  
containing Fresh-Water Fish, from Paintings by H. L. Roffe, with  
interesting descriptions by James G. Bertram, printed in the  
highest style of the Chromatic Art by Leighton Brothers; Twelve  
Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Diagrams of Remarkable  
Phenomena with Explanatory Notes; and Twelve Original Designs  
as Headings to the Calendar, by F. W. Key.  
It contains, also, a considerable amount of useful and interesting  
information.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 192,  
 Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-agents.

Second Edition, cloth, gilt edges, price 6d.

N APOLEON PRICE'S PERFUMED  
ALMANACK contains Tenison's Oil, and the "Ghost  
Polka; or, Pepper's Own." Also, 72 pages of information.  
15s., New Bond-street.

N OW ready.  
T HE ILLUSTRATED PENNY  
ALMANACK for 1864, containing Twelve Original Designs  
emblematic of the Months—Numerous Engravings selected from the  
"Illustrated London News"—Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and  
Licences—Eclipses—Remarkable Events—Postage Regulations—and a  
great variety of Useful and Interesting Information. The Trade  
supplied by W. M. CLARK, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and  
G. VICKERS, Angel-court (172), Strand, London.

I MPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.  
J OSÉPH GILLOTT, METALLIC  
PENMAKER TO THE QUEEN, begs to inform the  
commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally that,  
by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making  
Steel Pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions,  
which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and  
above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, must ensure universal approbation  
and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of the name as a guarantee of quality,  
and they are put up in boxes, containing one gross each, with label  
outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

At the request of numerous penmen engaged in tuition, J. G. has  
introduced his WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,  
which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees  
of fineness, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for  
the various kinds of writing taught in schools.

Sold retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and  
wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street,  
Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and 37, Gracechurch-  
street, London.

G UINEA CASE OF STATIONERY,  
containing 50 quires superfine Note Paper, 1000 Envelopes,  
Pens, Holders, and Blotter. The purchaser's address stamped plain  
on note paper. No die required.—SAUNDERS, Stationer, 21,  
Hanway-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

P IANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY,  
at MOORE and MOORE'S, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within.—  
These Pianos are of rare excellence, with the best improvements,  
recently applied, which effects a grand, a pure, and delightful quality  
of tone that stands unrivaled. Prices from Eighteen Guineas.  
First-class pianos for hire, on easy terms of purchase. Jury award,  
International Exhibition: Honourable mention "for good and  
cheap piano." Carriage-free.

P IANOFORTES LENT ON HIRE.—  
Carriage-free. Option of Purchase, convenient terms, any  
period. The largest assortment in London of every description and  
price.—PEACHEY, Maker, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

B UTLER'S BASS-BAND  
INSTRUMENTS—Cornets, Saxhorns, Circulating Vibrating  
Horns, Drums, Flutes, &c., are manufactured on the premises,  
and sold at prices below those of any other English house.  
A written guarantee given with every instrument. Cornets from 22 to  
25. Manufactory—29, Haymarket, London. Prices and drawings  
post-free.

M USICAL-BOX DÉPOTS, 32, Ludgate-  
street, and 66, Cheapside—NICOLAS Large Musical Boxes,  
2s. per Air; Sinfonies, 18s. to 40s. Catalogues of times and prices  
gratis and post-free on application to WALES and CO., as above.  
The largest stock in London, and all the best accompaniments.

R IMMEL'S NEW PERFUME D  
VALENTINES—St. Valentine's Gloves, and the Sachet  
Valentine of the Language of Flowers. Price is, each, or either  
sent by post for 14 stamps. Rimmel's Rose-water Crackers, each of  
which contains a small ro-e-water fountain: a new and amusing  
device for evening.—E. Rimmel, Perfumer by Appointment to  
H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill.

S CENT FOUNTAIN FINGER-RING,  
PIESE and LURIN.—The greatest novelty of the day for  
fun and amusement. Each ring can be filled with White Rose,  
Stolen Kisses, or any other fashionable fragrance. Price is 6d.  
sent at all the Fancy Dépôts, Perfumers, &c.; wholesale only at the  
Factory, 2, New Bond-street, London.

SPECIAL  
J UST PURCHASE,  
500 PIECES RICH FOREIGN FABRICS.  
All the new materials, both Plain and Fancy, including  
The Drap d'Argent,  
The Papeline Ecossais, &c.  
15s. ed. to 3 guineas the Full Dress.

The above are most perfect novelties, and considerably under value.  
An immense assortment of patterns for selection sent post-free.  
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

B EST ABERDEEN WINCOEYS,  
widest width, 1s. 1d. per yard, all colours.  
Among which are several shades of a decided Novelty  
and most brilliant Effects.  
A choice of 2000 pieces for selection.  
Also, a very useful quality at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 1d. the Dress.  
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

S EVERAL HUNDRED WASHING  
GRANADINE DRESSES,  
Wedding, Ball, Evening Dress,  
Pure White, Striped, Printed, or Plain,  
from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. the extra Full Dress.  
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

S ILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.  
New Glace Checks,  
2s. 7s. 6d. for 12 yards.  
Light new Coloured Glace,  
2s. 1s. 6d. for 12 yards.  
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

B LACK MOIRE ANTIQUES,  
five guineas for 10 yards, very bright.  
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

K NICKERBOCKER LINSEYS.  
Patterns free  
French Poplins and Merinos.  
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

O PERA CLOAKS,  
one guinea,  
in White and Fancy Fabrics.  
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

100 PATTERNS SILKS, POST-FREE.  
All the New Coloured Silks for Winter, plain and  
figured, from 1 guinea the Dress.  
At NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

10,000 YARDS BLACK SILKS,  
comprising every description and width of Black  
Glaes, Gros Graine, Moire Antiques, Gros de Sues, &c., the colour  
and durability of which are guaranteed. Patterns free.  
NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

F ORD'S MARGUERITE JACKET.  
REGISTERED.  
Prints illustrative of the shape and design of this charming Jacket  
are prepared to send post-free. In general, it is semi-fitting, may  
be worn open or closed with equal grace, and is adapted (according  
to material and ornament) for morning wear, dinner dress, and  
evening home parties; it is also specially suited to the occasional  
requirements of married ladies. Ready, in different sizes, in Lyons  
Velvet, superfine Cloth, Cashmere, Silk, &c. Prices 2s. and upwards.  
Thomas Ford, 43, Oxford-street, London, W.

S EWELL and CO.'S MOIRES ANTIQUES,  
Spitalfields Manufacture, celebrated throughout the kingdom,  
1s. guinea the Full Dress.  
COMPTON HOUSE, Fritch-street, and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

S EWELL and CO.'S BALL and EVENING  
ROBES.—A beautiful assortment of Tarlatan, Tulle, Gaze  
Dresses—Every item now ready for the Season. 3s. 0d. Souffles Tarlatan Robes  
at 1s. 9d. each.  
COMPTON HOUSE, Fritch-street, Soho, W.

M ESSRS. SWAN and EDGAR have now  
received the whole of the purchases of rich Fancy Silks with  
which they recently announced their buyers were engaged in the  
French market. Owing to the very favourable terms as to price upon  
which they find the principal manufacturers and warehouses in  
Paris and Lyons anxious, before the close of the year, to treat  
with buyers on a large scale and with an immediate command of capital, their purchases have been on the present  
more extensive than on any previous occasion. Their  
very large and valuable stock includes every description of  
Fancy Silk which has been in fashion during the past year.  
Silks added to ladies of every age and for every occasion or  
use, but all at a great reduction in price upon the ordinary  
value. The sale, which begins this day, will be continued during  
the month.

N.B.—The remaining stock of Winter Mantles, Shawls, and Furs  
will be included in the sale.

Pleasibly and Regent-street, Jan. 4, 1864.

E VENING and BALL DRESSES  
and DINNER SILKS.  
NICHOLSON and AMOTT will Sell, on Monday Next,  
12700 worth of the above, bought at a large discount.  
Eleg. and Souffle Tarlatan.  
6d. Full Dress; worth 1s. 6d.  
Plain and Fancy Evening Silks,  
1s. 6d. to 3 guineas; worth from 2 guineas to £5.  
Patterns post-free.  
Nicholson and Amott.  
Crystal Warehouse, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

C LOSE OF THE SEASON.  
JAMES SPENCE and CO., before Stock-taking, and to make  
room for their spring Purchases, have put out CLEARING OUT  
the REMAINING PORTION of THIS SEASON'S GOODS, at  
prices as cannot fail being at receive. Most of the goods are  
the latest styles and patterns, and well worth the early a tention of  
purchasers. Following is a list of the principal goods—  
Silks, Wool and Paisley shawls, Hooley and Gloves,  
Mantles, Ma-up and Fancy Dresses, Ribbons and Lace,  
Jackets, Waist and French Merinos, Trimming and Fancy  
Furnishings and Skirtings. Goods, &c.

JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silkmongers,  
Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard.

F RENCH MERINOS, at 2s. per yard, double  
width, in all the new and beautiful shades of colour. Fine  
and soft wool being essential to the dyeing of brilliant and durable  
colours, the Merino is decidedly the best article to select for giving entire satisfaction. Every lady would do well to send for patterns.  
HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.

B A B Y L I N E N ,  
one third less than usual price.  
One of the largest and choicest Stocks in London,  
ADLEY and CO., 69 and 70, Bishopsgate-street, City. Makers and  
Designers of Infants' Robes, Circular Pillows, Bassinets,  
Boys' Suits, &c.

U NDER LINEN FOR FAMILY USE,  
for Ladies and Children of all Ages,  
equal to best home-made work,  
and less than present base cost of materials, &c.,  
at ADLEY and CO., Manufacturers, 69, 70, Bishopsgate-street, City.

P OLAND AND S O N ,  
FUR MANUFACTURERS, 90, Oxford-street, W.  
The oldest and best-established in London.

Fur JACKETS, Velvet and Cloth COATS, lined and trimmed with fur.  
Carriage Wrappers and every novelty in fur, of the finest  
quality, at a moderate price.

90, Oxford-street, W.

T O LADIES.—W. TENT and CO., beg to  
call their attention to a New PATENT CURTAIN-HOOK  
that requires no sewing, and, if reversed, can be used for many  
other purposes. To be had of all Drapers; and at 2s., Birch Lane,  
E.C.

S ANSFLECT CRINOLINE,  
10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 18s.  
E. PHILPOTT, 37, Piccadilly.

O NDINA or WAVED JUPONS,  
18s. 6d., 21s., and 25s. 6d.  
E. PHILPOTT, 37, Piccadilly.

EIDERDOWN PETTICOATS, 50s., and  
6s. each, in Rich Silk, quilted and piped, 4 yards round,  
42 inches long; weight, 25 ounces. Illustrations free.  
E. PHILPOTT, 37, Piccadilly.

T HE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL  
for Excellence of Workmanship and New Combinations in  
CORSETS, CRINOLINES, and STAYS  
was awarded to A. SALOMONS, Wholesale Manufacturer,  
35, Old Change, E.C.

SPECIAL PRIZE MEDAL for the BEST  
SEWING-MACHINE awarded to W. F. THOMAS. These  
celebrated Machines are adapted for family use—will stitch, hem,  
braid, gather, fell, &c. Price 10s.—Regent-street, Oxford-street, 1864.

C HINTS.—FORD'S COLOURED FLANNEL  
SHIRTS are made only from such Flannel as will wear well.  
A Good Fit and Best Workmanship guaranteed. The new Patterns  
and Colours are ready. On receipt of three stamps, patterns to select  
from and all Instruction for Measurement will be sent.

Prices—10s. 6d. each, the very best quality (the colour causing the  
difference in price), 12s. 6d., 13s. 6d., and 14s. 6d. each.  
E. Ford and CO., 38, Poultry, E.C.

C ULLERY, warranted.—The most varied  
assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted,  
is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are  
remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

Ivory Handles.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.
3s. 6d. ivory handles	12s. 6d.	10s. 0d.	4s. 3d.	4s. 3d.
3s. 6d. fine ivory handles	13s. 0d.	11s. 6d.	4s. 9d.	4s. 9d.
3s. 6d. fine African ivory handles	24s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
Ditto, with silver ferrules	49s. 0d.	33s. 0d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Ditto, carved handles, silver ferrules	50s. 0d.	43s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Nickel electro-silver handles, any pattern	25s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Silver handles, of any pattern	6s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.

Bone and Horn Handles—Knives and  
Forks per Dozen.

Bone and Horn Handles.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.	Knives per Dozen.
White bone handles	1s. 0d.	1s. 0d.	1s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
Black bone-rimmed shoulders	17s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Ditto, very strong, riveted handles	12s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 0d.

The largest stock in existence of plated dessert, knives and forks,  
in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated table-cutlery.

T HE BEST SHOW of IRON BEDSTEDS  
in the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has  
FOUR LARGE ROOMS devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and  
Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and  
Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 1s. to Patent Iron  
Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sackings, from 1s. 6d.; and Cots, from 1s. 6d. each; handsome Ornamental Iron  
and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 2s. 13s. 6d. to £20.  
Illustrated Catalogues sent (post free).

M ILLITARY CANTEENS for Officers, £8 8s.  
each, Oak Case, containing the following:

PLATED SPOONS